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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

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SATURDAY MAY 12, 1894

Literature

Three Outdoor Books

1. *Travels in a Tree-Top.* By Dr. Charles C. Abbott. J. B. Lippincott Co. 2. *By Moorland and Sea.* By F. A. Knight. Roberts Bros. 3. *Wayside Sketches.* By Eben J. Loomis. Roberts Bros.

THERE ARE SOME BIG OAKS in the Delaware valley, and in one of them Dr. Abbott has roosted and established novel relations with the black ants that march up and down the tree with no more apparent purpose than himself, with the robins whose domestic arrangements in the underbrush he overlooks unsuspected, and with the hawks and flycatchers that were at first much puzzled regarding his intentions. From his perch he surveys, too, a wide extent of country, with whose natural and human history he is particularly well acquainted. Though some of the branches of his oak afford footing for a short promenade, his *Travels* are mainly of the eye and of the fancy, and he often takes the back track of memory, or is led by some faint Indian trail to ancient jasper mines, or a pre-Columbian festival. Nature, the Indian and the small boy are a constantly recurring trio in Dr. Abbott's books; and of these the small boy is the greatest, for, in a manner, he includes the other two. In a chapter on "A Winter Night's Outing" our author tells how he became a naturalist, through a boyish adventure in skating after an owl. We have no doubt that the tendency to dig into the past, which has made him an authority on Indian history, was also started by some boyish freak. Like most writers on wild peoples, he objects to the use of the term "savage," as applied to the race whose ways he loves to study. The ancient Delawares, he has proved by digging, cooked their food in baked clay vessels, had an extensive trade with the North and West for copper and obsidian, and yearly went down to the sea a-clamming, returning with strings of the dried dainty about their necks, like the collars of dried figs with which Attic farmers used to decorate their rough effigy of Bacchus. In fact, our Indians were probably no more savage than were our European forefathers at no very remote period; but it is wise to make a distinction between the wilder tribes of the North and the barbarian peoples of the South and West, and of Mexico and Peru. Of boy life we get pleasant glimpses in a chapter on "The Cornstalk Fiddle"—that delightful instrument, good for an hour of melody and no more—and in tales of rabbit-traps and cork spiders. Nature—four-footed, winged or rooted—appears on every page. In "Chapter Tenth" some useful suggestions are given as to the cultivation of native shrubs and birds in town gardens. The birds will come where they find the shade and the food they are used to, and water. To circumvent the English sparrow it is well to have nesting boxes for the wrens with entrance holes too small for the imported birds, and to keep those intended for bluebirds and martins closed all winter. For the humming-birds plant trumpet-vine and honeysuckle, and have a lilac hedge for the cat-birds as well as for the flowers. Dr. Abbott mentions among the wild shrubs that will improve under cultivation, the white-flowered shad-bush, the yellow-flowered spice-bush, the pink azalea, the small wild plum (*prunus spinosa*), the white-thorn and the deerberry (*vallineum stamineum*). The bittersweet, too, will bear transplanting, and, as everybody who has tried knows, there is a host of wild herbage flowering plants that take kindly to cultivation.

"By Moorland and Sea" (2) is in many respects a distinct advance over Mr. Knight's previous books, and yet here, too, there is something lacking at times that is not easily defined, but suggests that, perhaps, besides a mere liking for the outdoor world, a knowledge, and a pretty deep one, too, is needed for the wholly successful making of such books as

these. It is not inspiring, so far as the reader is concerned, to be coldly informed that the author is pleased with this blossom, and admires that landscape. We would know the reason why he loves them, and his enthusiasm must paint what he sees even more vividly than it really is, so that the image may be strongly impressed. A description may be a little too pronounced at times, but we get our best impressions from the hearty man, who, without warning, occasionally slaps us on the back. Mr. Knight is too cold. We do not doubt his enthusiasm, but we can take it only on faith: he gives out none of it. It is equally undesirable to be too much the naturalist and present the facts of the case in a strictly technical way. We may be interested in the bird's song and the flower's coloring, without wishing to know why the bird sings, or the significance of the blue in a violet and the yellow of a buttercup. There is a reason for all this, and the story is a most taking one, but may be quite out of place in a popular book concerning out-of-doors. There are thousands that love to ramble, and the art of taking a walk is becoming yearly more and more seriously considered; but there is not one man or woman in a thousand that can walk for others—that is, put his thoughts when afield in such shape that the essay or book will prove almost as refreshing to read as the walk itself would have been, if taken either alone or with the author. Mr. Knight is one of those who have made a near approach to such writing, but he has not filled all the requirements. Still, he has approached so near that the faults of the book are too few to condemn it as a whole, and its many merits make it worthy of a place on our book-shelves, among the rapidly increasing number of volumes devoted to the world beyond town limits. The fifteen chapters cover a wide range of subjects, and it is not easy or desirable to express preferences (tastes are so different), but the lover of natural history, knowing only our own fields and forests, would doubtless like to compare such regions of this country as most nearly resemble a "Northern Moorland," or points on the Scottish coast, and see whether there are not equally attractive features on this side of the Atlantic. The English writer makes the most of his native land; but has America ever had justice done her? The publishers are to be highly commended for their taste in the details of "manufacture." The paper is good, type excellent, illustrations artistic, and binding appropriate. It is an attractive volume that will not disappoint the buyer.

Mr. Loomis, in his "Wayside Sketches" (3), takes us over ground that has not been written up, although a good deal written about. We know the neighborhood of Washington pretty well, for there are a great many wide-awake naturalists in that city. Mr. Loomis has a fancy for wild life and wild flowers, and has something to say of them, but too often says it in a half-hearted way that rouses no enthusiasm. We read page after page without wishing that we had been there at the time. The author briefly refers to a narrow escape from a copperhead snake, and then falls to moralizing. It would have been better to make an adventure out of the snake encounter, for such incidents are ever lively reading, and mere statements of going here and there are a little tiresome. The "wayside" is too much forgotten, and we have "sketches" only. Of the twenty-one articles making the volume, "Cooney Brook" and "A Visit to Ashfield" are excellent but too brief, and more of this character might well have replaced the fairy-tales and a police record, "The Modern Way." It would seem natural for the "nature" writers, as they are called, to drift into verse. Thoreau set the example, and no one but Burroughs appears to have wholly escaped. Mr. Loomis's verses are not bad; but whether they improve the prose by the association, is another matter.

His same thoughts, in somewhat more expansive prose, would have been just as welcome; and there would not have been omitted some details that the lover of wild life and wild scenery would have been glad to read of. But this is a volume of "sketches," and as such must be considered. By those who prefer a dozen such brevities to one or more elaborated articles, the volume will be found pleasant reading.

A Great Englishman in the East

The Life of Sir Harry Parkes. By S. Lane-Poole and F. V. Dickins.
2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

DESPITE THE INVASIONS by death of the ranks of the great army of returned Americans and Englishmen from the Far East, there are many hundreds who will hail this work with delight. In the three countries permeated by Chinese culture, the name of Harry Parkes was one to conjure with. Even after the death of the great man, Chinese smugglers found an easy way to pass custom-houses unchallenged, by floating the flag marked with the Chinese characters standing for Sir Harry's name. An intimate friend of "Chinese Gordon," after whom he named one of his sons, Sir Harry was wonderfully like the brave soldier who died at Khartoum, both in physical and mental traits. Of ordinary size, with light hair, keen blue eyes and light and sometimes baby-red complexion, he would have made, as Sir Garnet Wolseley said, a great general. He had a masterful grasp of details, power of quick decision and bulldog courage, and was by nature a fighter and a holder-on. He was not a man of grammars or books, though he had a magnetic power of stimulating students to find the richest lodes, while he himself ever longed for action and was most happy in achievement. He came of good English middle-class stock, went out as a boy of fourteen to China, where his senior relatives were missionaries, and literally wore himself out in the service of his country, dying at the premature age of fifty-seven. The doctors called the disease typhoid fever, but the real cause was an over-taxed brain. Before he died he could wear the stars and garter conferred by his sovereign. He had earned a title. His marble bust now stands in St. Paul's Cathedral in London; while at Shanghai, the "model settlement" of European China, which has just celebrated its semi-centennial anniversary, the first public statue of a European in the Far East, dedicated in 1890, is that of Sir Harry Parkes.

It is a good thing, we think, that the representatives of the great diplomatist took out of the hands of a certain rather prolix and uninteresting writer the making of his biography, and that they gave the work to men so well qualified for the task. Messrs. Lane-Poole and Dickins certainly have their limitations, for the former is decidedly more familiar with Egyptian than with Chinese affairs, and, entertaining as is his style, and graceful as is his English, there is not that clear knowledge of the background at short range in his writings which is in Mr. Dickins's. On the other hand, while Mr. Dickins was a practising lawyer in Japan, and "dabbled"—to use his own favorite expression—in Japanese literature, he was notoriously unversed in the movements of Japanese politics, and had little personal knowledge of the public men of the new Japan. Furthermore, his absurd jingoism and often ridiculous criticisms of American ideas and diplomacy show that his work has been more of eulogy than of intelligence, criticism and appraisal. Indeed, the strain of eulogy throughout the two volumes compels the critic to inquire whether, even without the use of the trumpet, the simple facts would not have expressed the truth both sufficiently and impressively. However, apart from these criticisms, we must pronounce the work of the first value to the students of the Far East, while to old residents it has a charm which those who have never lived among the Chinese or Japanese cannot fully appreciate. Sir Harry belonged to the old school of diplomacy, which taught that "a solid sub-stratum of force" is always necessary, and that one must bully the Chinese and Japanese in order to get them to listen to reason. And we are not sure but that, in many more instances than the stay-at-home philanthropist

would imagine, this course was, at least a generation ago, absolutely necessary. Reared in the ideas which for ages had encrusted and stereotyped their minds, that China was the Middle Kingdom, and that all other nations were appendages, vassals, or still in tutelage or barbarism, the Chinese could understand at first no other argument than that of force. Compelled at the cannon's mouth to make treaties, it was then from first to last the one endeavor of their mandarins, not to keep but to break the treaties made. Sir Harry could not be accused of not knowing the Chinese. He went out to China as early as 1841, and began at once the study of the Chinese language under his uncle, the famous Dr. Gutzlaff. This "Dutch uncle" talked to the blue-eyed boy in the right way. He frequently refused to let the youngster have his breakfast until he had mastered so much Chinese. At the age of fourteen, the precocious youth was present at Nanking, when, under threat of bombardment by the heaviest of the seventy or more British vessels present, the Chinese signed the treaty which opened their Empire to Western influences. From that day on the life of Harry Parkes was that of a man of action. As messenger, interpreter, consul, he served his sovereign and his country. Even when treacherously captured, imprisoned and tortured by the Chinese, he wrote to the commander of the British forces advancing on Peking to allow no considerations concerning himself to influence the decision of peace or war. Restored to liberty, he made his name a terror to the pig-headed mandarin.

Appointed Minister to Japan, he was the master of the British legation during eighteen years. It is rather humiliating reading to an American, to find how superbly the British Minister is backed by a corps of students, interpreters and scholars of the language, so that the man of action has always abundance of accurate information at first hand, besides the facilities for pressure and action, while even yet the equipment of the American legation in Japan is, what for many years it was wholly, a national disgrace. Sir Harry saw how events were moving, and at once gave the tremendous advantage of his sympathy and help to the men who have made and now rule the new Japan. Most of Vol. II. is taken up with a description of Japan and of the foremost figure among the foreigners in the Empire. It is not too much to say that this work of Mr. Dickins's has probably no superior in philosophic analysis of the state of mind, as well as of the social and political life of old Japan, and of the real reasons which have made the Japan of our day. Sir Harry's life in China, as Minister Plenipotentiary at Peking, which is treated of in the last hundred pages or so of Vol. II., is not of special interest, because the great man died before he had, as he said, fully "got into the saddle." A treaty with Korea was one of the triumphs of his career, and we may say that it was one of the very best treaties made by any foreign diplomatist. As biography and history, this work, fully equipped with portrait, maps, index and notes, ranks among the first in value published during the current year.

"A Journey in Other Worlds"

A Romance of the Future. By John Jacob Astor. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.

IT IS THE SIGN of a nation's ripening civilization when those of its citizens who have inherited wealth and leisure begin to rise above the frivolities of "society," and to occupy themselves seriously with literature and science. In our own country the roll of historians and writers upon public affairs includes already a number of distinguished names belonging to this class; those, however, who have devoted themselves to science are as yet very few: one could count them upon his fingers. It was with great pleasure, therefore, that the announcement of a "scientific romance" by a noted member of the millionaire community was welcomed, and it is a serious disappointment that the science of the book must be pronounced very unsatisfactory and even ignorant—on the physical and astronomical side, at least, for the natural history is not so bad. We do not specially object, of course,

to the mysterious (and scientifically impossible) force of "apergy," by means of which the author manages to transport his parlor-car, the Callisto, across the interplanetary abysses to Jupiter and Saturn. He is quite justified in making such a Jules-Vernian assumption the basis of his romance: it can mislead nobody. But we do complain of the untruths and absurdities that are all the way inextricably intermingled with what is genuinely scientific.

There is throughout a hopeless misapprehension of mechanical and physical principles, and an unfamiliarity with scientific facts, which, if the author did not set up as a scientific prophet, would be blameless enough, but render such a pretension mischievous and unpardonable. For instance, he opens with an account of an "axis-straightening" operation, designed to bring the earth's equator into coincidence with the ecliptic, so as to do away with the inconveniences and vicissitudes of the seasons. The engineer who has the matter in charge operates by ingeniously and powerfully loading and lightening the two poles of the earth alternately, in such a way that the attraction of the sun shall always act to draw the equator towards the ecliptic. The author evidently supposes that such action would finally produce the desired effect, while, in fact, it would merely increase the rate of "precession." Again, on page 49, he describes a magnetic railway actuated by huge magnets, weighing 4000 tons apiece, and fifty miles apart, imagining that the attraction of such magnets would be powerful at a distance of many miles, while, in fact, it would become insensible a few thousand feet away. On page 75, in order to get rid of the difficulties consequent upon the flexure of a telescope lens, he "improves" the instrument by substituting concave mirrors of plate-glass, the flexure of which would be many times more damaging. And these are only specimens. In a cursory reading we have marked more than a dozen cases that are at least as bad and will be likely to mislead unwary readers. For the book will probably be read widely; it is undeniably interesting and suggestive, and not ill written from a literary point of view. The hunting scenes on Jupiter are really exciting, and the Saturnian experiences will interest those who have a leaning towards the mysteries of hypnotism and spiritualism and believe in ghostly visitations. Then, too, its spirit is excellent, and if some of the preaching approaches the platitudinous, it is at least harmless and well meant.

"Slav and Moslem"

By J. Milliken Napier Brodhead. Aiken, S. C.: Aiken Pub. Co.

THIS AUTHOR HAS adopted the only scientific standpoint for criticising Russia. She states that there are certain phases through which all states have to pass before they become democratic. One of these is the absolute monarchy, the form of state and government at present prevailing in Russia. That is, Russia in 1894 is in the same political condition as France was under Louis XVI., as England was under the Stuarts and as Prussia was under Frederick the Great. She is one hundred and fifty years behind the other European nations, and, being in this unfortunate position, has to bear the brunt of too hostile criticism at the hands of people who have forgotten the sins of their own ancestors. From this standpoint Russia is merely passing through one stage in the evolutionary process—a stage excellent in comparison with what preceded, and containing within itself the germs of a more democratic organization in the future. Russia has at present the government best suited to the political consciousness of her people, just as France in the seventeenth century was fit only for the autocracy of Louis XIV. *Natura non agit per saltus*, and a too rapid realization of democratic ideals in Russia would probably lead to anarchy and subsequent military despotism, such as obtained in France under the Revolution and Napoleon, in England under the Commonwealth and Cromwell. During the course of the next century Russia will probably become gradually more and more democratic, and then, as Prof. Seeley exclaims, woe to the states of Europe whose narrow confines allow no room for a great increase in the main ele-

ment of strength, population. Russia is bound to become more powerful than France or Germany, for the same reasons that Holland, the great state of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has at present sunk into comparative insignificance.

Apart from its general attitude, refreshing in comparison with the sentimental articles usually written on the subject, the book has few merits. The author is offensively partial toward Russia, and exonerates her from all blame in the disputes and wars of the nineteenth century about the "Sick Man" of the Balkan peninsula. She holds as strong a brief for Russia as Froude for Henry VIII. Leaving this aside, there is no system in the book; all subjects are discussed in a haphazard, disconnected manner, and none thoroughly. One thread is taken up, and then dropped in favor of another, when, for some inconceivable reason, a third is intertwined, until we have a snarl of threads, exasperating to the patience of the reader, whose duty it is to disentangle it.

Binding, paper and print are excellent, but the proof-reading has been slipshod. One page is misplaced, while misprint follows misprint; and here and there curious slips occur, due, in all probability, more to the carelessness than to the ignorance of the writer.

"The Land of Cave and Cliff Dwellers"

By Lieut. Frederick Schwatka. Cassell Pub. Co.

THE DEATH, in his prime, of the intrepid explorer, Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, was a serious loss to science. Few men have possessed in a higher degree than he did the qualities essential to successful exploration. A powerful physique, keen intellect, thorough scientific education, love for investigating the unknown, and what he would have called "plenty of horse-sense," were some of his characteristics. In the years 1889-90, Lieut. Schwatka made two expeditions to Mexico, under the patronage of the Chicago publications *America* and the *Herald* respectively, and the account of the results is contained in this work. The most important outcome of these travels was what might almost be called the discovery of living cave- and cliff-dwellers in the northern Mexican Sierra Madre. At the beginning of his trip, the explorer shared the common opinion that this race was wholly extinct, at least on the North American continent, and even when the first living cliff-dwellers were found in Mexico, he believed them to be isolated cases of depraved savages having acquired ancient dwellings. Further investigation showed this peculiar race, known as the Tarahumari Indians, to be extensively distributed and distinct from all others in its characteristics. Whether any relations exist between the extinct cliff- and cave-dwellers of our own country and those found in Mexico, is left for subsequent investigation to determine.

The Tarahumari savage is a little above the average height of our own Indians, and is well built and muscular. A few are "civilized," living in rough stone and adobe houses, with brush fences around cultivated fields. The most savage of the race live in caves, or under huge boulders, or in cliffs, high up the almost perpendicular faces of the rock. Their skin is darker than that of the Indians of neighboring tribes, although they dwell in a colder climate than the latter. The savage members of the tribe live generally away from all lines of communication and hide themselves, if possible, on the approach of strangers. They are possessed of wonderful endurance, and foot-racing is one of their favorite pastimes. One of their fleetest and most enduring runners is said to have made ninety miles in eleven hours and twenty minutes. The same runner, on three separate occasions, beat a man on horseback in a race of twelve miles. Cortes found that the native armies of the great Mexican plateau moved at a run, thus trebling and quadrupling the military marches of the present day. "But it was afterwards discovered that the people most prominent in this respect was one in the far north of New Spain, hidden away in the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre, whose very name, as given by other tribes, Tarahumari, meaning foot-runners, indicated their special excel-

lence." While an accurate estimate of the numbers of this tribe was impossible, Mr. Schwatka was convinced that their strength was about 16,000. A most interesting description is given of the country traversed and of the mines of southwestern Chihuahua.

"Henry of Navarre"

By P. F. Willert, M. A. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS is the ninth volume of the first group of the Heroes of the Nations Series. Readers of the attractive book will differ in their estimates of the character of Henry IV. There may be some to whom his faults will so far outweigh his good qualities that they will consider him only detestable. But bearing in mind the social conditions of his time, there will no doubt be many who can condone his faults in a measure sufficient to admire his manly virtues. There is something exhilarating in Henry's offer to his enemies in regard to the succession to the throne, that the quarrel might be fought out without injury to the Commonwealth, if the Duke of Guise would meet him in single combat, or with ten or twenty champions on each side. Ever ready to forgive an injury, preferring to pardon rather than persecute, Henry was greatly beloved by his subjects, but, by purchasing the submission of rebels, he placed a premium on intrigues and conspiracies, and taught the princes and nobles that rebellion was a game in which there was much to win and little to lose.

The first attempt to assassinate Henry was made in 1594, by Jean Chastel, a pupil of the Jesuits. The would-be assassin was given the regulation punishment for regicides, which was to have his flesh lacerated with red-hot pincers, his right hand struck off, and his limbs torn asunder by four horses. But even so barbarous a punishment was not sufficient to deter another fanatic, sixteen years later, from taking the King's life. The author rightly says that it is as unprofitable as it is easy to speculate on what might have been, had things not been as they were; but it is interesting to know that in his opinion the failure of this attempt on the life of the French ruler would possibly have resulted in sparing Germany the horrors of the Thirty Years War; that Protestantism would have become predominant; that the house of Savoy would have founded an Italian kingdom two centuries and a half before the time when an allied French and Piedmontese army drove the Austrians out of Lombardy; and that France would have been raised to a pre-eminence such as that to which she attained during the first years of the present century.

"Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny"

By William Forbes-Mitchell. Macmillan & Co.

WILLIAM FORBES-MITCHELL was a sergeant in the Ninety-Third Sutherland Highlanders. His most entertaining reminiscences include the relief, siege and capture of Lucknow, and the campaigns in Rohilkund and Oude. His account begins where that of Lady Inglis leaves off, and his work may therefore be regarded as a sequel to her "Siege of Lucknow." These reminiscences are especially interesting and valuable, because told by one who viewed the scenes of which he writes from a standpoint unusual for a military historian—the ranks. From this point of view it is but natural that an acute and intelligent observer, who made daily notes on the progress of events, should be able to present an old story in a new light. Mr. Forbes-Mitchell gives evidence tending to prove not only that the Seventy-Eighth Highlanders had their bagpipes with them at Lucknow, but that Jessie Brown, in the underground cellar of the Residency, heard the bagpipes hours before any one would believe that a force was coming to the relief of the garrison. He is also a staunch defender of the famous Major Hodson of Hodson's Horse, who, in his opinion, has been cruelly slandered. There are interesting appendices on the history of the murder of Major Neill at Augur in 1887, Europeans among the rebels, sword-blades and the opium question.

In 1857, Gen. Neill, with the object of inflicting a fearful

punishment for the slaughter of the defenceless women and children at Cawnpore, issued an order that all prisoners found guilty of having taken part in this murder were to be taken into the "slaughter-house" and there made to crouch down and with their mouths lick clean a square foot of the blood-soaked floor before being taken out to be hanged. The dried blood on the floor was first moistened with water, and the lash of the warder was applied till the wretches kneeled down and cleaned their square foot of flooring. One of the natives so punished was Suffur Ali, who left a dying message to his infant son to avenge his death on Gen. Neill or any of his descendants. Thirty years later, Major Neill, commanding the Second Regiment Central India Horse, was shot on parade by Sowar Mazar Ali. The author adds in a footnote that the *vendetta* is a well-known institution among the Pathans. Startling examples are given of the efficacy of the *tulwar* as a cutting weapon. One cut was sufficient to sever a man's skull clean in two, the sword cutting right through the neck and half way down the breast-bone. Another cut went through a man's left shoulder, diagonally across the chest, severing the head and right arm from the body. The same weapon, seized by a stalwart Highlander, was used with terrible effect, the heads of natives being cut off as if they were mere heads of cabbage.

"According to Season" and "How to Know the Wild Flowers"

By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Charles Scribner's Sons.

WE HAVE RECEIVED a neat portfolio, containing a selection of fifty plates from Mrs. William Starr Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers," which we noticed in *The Critic* of April 22, 1893. The plates are from pen-drawings by Marion Satterlee; they are alike pretty and accurate, and will be found, even without Mrs. Dana's very interesting text, both enjoyable and useful by lovers of wild plants. Among them are many spring and early summer flowers, anemone, partridge-berry, wild columbine, spring-beauty and others, so that this selection may be said to make a seasonable appearance. With it comes a pretty little book with a posy of rose, oak, narcissus and chrysanthemum on its pale-green covers. It is a new collection of essays by Mrs. Dana, intended as a further guide to the flower-lover, telling him or her when and where to look for certain species. In April and early May we look for many of the tree blossoms of which most people can scarcely be said to know that they exist. Yet there is much pleasure to be got from willow and maple and the less conspicuous but sweet-scented blossoms of the linden. How many people have seen the flower of the oak, from which the fairy maiden in the Celtic tale was formed? Almost as early appear, in this latitude, the blue liverwort, the white bloodroot, the yellow ranunculus, which often appear weeks before the last snowfall. In May, the variety becomes bewildering, and it is difficult, without some aid from books, to keep up with the procession. Those who follow Mrs. Dana's guidance may be sure that they will see a good part of the show; but they will discover each year something that they had missed, or not seen enough of the year before. Then there are the poets, many of whom may be said to pin their hope of immortality to a flower. At least the blossoms have sent them more readers than they have ever sent to Nature. Mrs. Dana is well acquainted with a lot of them, and knows what to make of their pretensions. She takes Thoreau to task for his ungallant reference to the iris, and Wordsworth for his unreasonable antipathy to yellow flowers. The only fault we can find with the book is that it makes no mention of the flowers that bloom in the winter. Whenever there is a spell of a few warm days, one will find something blooming. But spring, summer and autumn are before us, and for those three seasons this is a reliable and agreeable guide.

"Laws and Jurisprudence of England and America"

By J. F. Dillon. Little, Brown & Co.

THOUGH IT is hardly within the scope of *The Critic's* purely belletristic field to notice a book that is primarily of interest to men of the robe, yet there is a fascination about these Yale lectures which, we are sure, will be felt by all to whom good literature appeals. The learned judge and eminent practitioner is a sturdy *fanitor* of the conservative traditions of the common law. Frank to disavow his belief in the universal remedies advanced in the theories of Bentham, Austin, Holland, Pollock, Monroe-Smith *et id omne genus*, he fights a fair battle, as a descendant of Coke and Hale and Blackstone. But of peculiar literary interest will be found his discussion of the men-of-letters who have inhabited the

Walhalla of the common law—the Inns of Court. A mere recital of their names is inspiring. Gower, Philip Sidney, Beaumont, Bacon, Selden, Fielding, Cowper, Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, Hornebooke, Sheridan, Southey, Moore, Hallam, Macaulay and Thackeray. And who can forget that Elia records that "I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple"? Of a far different interest is the following anecdote of a modern legal battle, possible only in the United States. With it we must close a scant notice of a volume of great importance, and one, also, which we promise will repay every layman who will dip into it:—

"A few years ago," writes Judge Dillon, "a cause arose in New Mexico, which involved the ownership of a line of railway from Yuma to El Paso, extending through Arizona, New Mexico and part of Texas. On the one side lawyers from New York and elsewhere went in a special car 2500 miles to Santa Fé, the place of trial. I had arranged a telegraphic circuit, and had sent over the wire to the local counsel the text of the entire bill of complaint. On arriving there, our car, which contained a parlor, dining-room, sleeping apartments and a kitchen, was placed upon the side-track of a railroad and served as a hotel; and immediately opposite to us, on another railroad, we saw a like car, containing counsel who had journeyed nearly two thousand miles from the West. There, in the heart and centre of the continent, in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains—in the old historic city of Santa Fé, which was founded more than two generations before the Mayflower landed at Plymouth, more than one hundred years before the first English Colony sailed into the Ashley River,—were those two movable habitations, one of which had come from the Atlantic, and the other from the Pacific, drawn up, as it were, in battle array. In an adobe building, one story high, with walls six feet thick, which had been the Governor's palace under the Mexican régime, and which our Government had converted into a Court-house, with the old Baldy Mountains scalped and uncovered standing in silent majesty and stately grandeur looking down upon us, we fought for six long midsummer days our legal battle. We fought like lawyers, long and well—that is, earnestly contesting every inch of ground, but with mutual respect and courtesy; and then departed, the one party to the East and the other to the West, leaving our troubles behind us, or, rather, having unloaded them in the Court."

Fiction

THE STORY of adventure is coming to its own again, and may finally triumph over the depressing introspections of the psychologists, who ignore that there is as much, and better and heartier, psychology in Alexandre Dumas than there is in Ibsen. Mr. Anthony Hope has told a glorious story in "The Prisoner of Zenda," which cannot be too warmly recommended to all who love a tale that stirs the blood. Perhaps not the least among its many good qualities is the fact that its chivalry is of the nineteenth, not of the sixteenth, century—that it is a tale of brave men and true, and of a fair woman of to-day. The Englishman who saves the King of Ruritania from the plots of hismorganatic half brother is as interesting a knight as was Bayard, and the two officers who work with him for the welfare of their sovereign, risking life and fortune, are worthy to share his dangers. Then, of course, there is a fascinating noble blackguard, a mysterious woman and the princess who loves the well-born English adventurer as he deserves to be loved, but who, as befits her rank, loves honor more. The story holds the reader's attention from first to last. (H. Holt & Co.)—"FOR HONOUR AND LIFE" is a stirring tale of the Terror. The autobiographical hero is one von Astor, the son of a Swiss emigrant to England, who breaks away from commercial pursuits to join the Swiss Guard which fought around the crumbling throne of Louis XVI. Full of incident, written with a free pen, this story can be frankly recommended. The young picaroon wins his spurs gallantly, and we are rejoiced that his inevitable bride is so charming a girl. William Westall, the author, is a novelist of some repute and the translator of the tales of Stepiak. Only one who sees a quantity of fiction hot from the press knows how truly glad a reviewer is when he can heartily praise a new story—and this is now our pleasure. (Harper & Bros.)

HAVING BEEN properly brought up by her aunt, and being very young and perfectly innocent, Miss Jocelyn felt that the time was out of joint, and that to set it right she must needs write a novel on "the interaction of the passions"—and, as the aunt who had educated her very wisely observed, "the passions in a woman's mouth generally mean one." But that philosophical remark was made only after the deed had been done, for the young author had kept it all a dark and gruesome secret. Still, when the provincial papers began to talk of the anonymous writer as a new George Eliot, the aunt's motherly pride was aroused, and she forgave the episodes of which the girl that wrote them did not herself understand the possible

improper interpretation. Miss Jocelyn had lived all her days in the healthful, cheerful and well-bred atmosphere of Rhoda Broughton's English social life—for she is the heroine of that author's "A Beginner,"—but, considering herself one of the craft, she longed for the society of literary people, and was ready to fall down and worship when it befell her to be taken in to dinner by the young author of a book of clever essays. She could not help noticing, however, that his tie was wonderfully made, and that he lacked generally the stamp of breeding to which she had grown accustomed. Still, she overlooked the husk for the beautiful mind it covered—a mind, be it said, a little perturbed by the society to which it had only recently been admitted. Miss Jocelyn dreamt of intellectual comradeship—the fledgling author of something else. Through it all runs the story of the misadventures of that daring book on the "interaction of the passions," which, after having been lauded by the provincial press, is killed by a cutting article in a leading review. Miss Jocelyn visits her admirer's mother, who lives in an unfashionable thoroughfare, to the amused annoyance of her aunt, who opines that the Gracchi are too numerous for the size of the apartment. The end of the story sets everything right, including Miss Jocelyn's desire for literary friendships. It is all in Miss Broughton's humorous style, and in her happiest manner. The accessory characters are vivid and distinct, and all of them interesting. Taken all together, the story of "A Beginner" deserves to be ranked with the author's cleverest work. (D. Appleton & Co.)

A SOLDIER of fortune, a man who has lived and fought all over the world and under almost every flag, finally wanders back to his home in England, only to fall in love with a young girl whom he meets casually at a ball. The girl is of mixed descent, her mother having been English, and her father an Italian revolutionist, who had been taken prisoner by the Austrians in one of the numerous revolts of his oppressed countrymen against that power, and was supposed to have been put to death before his daughter's birth. After the first meeting with the girl, the knowledge comes to her lover's ears that her father is not dead, but a prisoner in an Austrian fortress. He tries to keep this from her, but she finally learns the truth, and when she appeals to him to know what is to be done, he volunteers to go in search of her father and undertake his release. After a considerable lapse of time and much peril to himself, he does rescue the prisoner, who has been in a cell underground for twenty years, and is in a hopeless condition. Of course this devotion on her lover's part wins the girl and ends the trials of the characters that serve to make up David Christie Murray's new story, "In Direst Peril." It is exciting and for the moment readable, but when it is once laid down, it is forgotten utterly. (Harper & Bros.)

IN HIS NEW collection of short stories, "Mademoiselle Miss," Mr. Harland's work is more delicate than any he has done since the publication of "As it was Written." He has studied the French masters with profit, and with persevering devotion he has polished his style and trained his fervid imagination to move in calmer, more natural channels. If he has lost some of his first enthusiasm, he has gained in knowledge of life and character, in deftness and in subtlety. They are hot-house flowers, these sketches now first collected, and one is too often forced to stop and admire the gardener's patience in cultivating them. But at other moments this is forgotten in the grace of the flower evolved. Mr. Harland frankly ignores the existence of the "Young Person." The tale which gives its title to the book describes the advent of a sweet, innocent young English girl into the pestilential atmosphere of a shady hotel in the Latin Quarter of Paris. The girl's scanty knowledge of French helps to keep her in ignorance of the character of her surroundings, although the inmates at first take it for granted that she is one of themselves. But the purity of her nature soon makes itself clear to the men, who rise to meet it. Their sleeping chivalry is aroused by her sweet simplicity, and they become her devoted, gallant knights. Her influence upon them, exerted all unconsciously through her reliance upon their honor, is as subtle and delicate as the perfume of a rose; and the contrasts of the picture, its light and shade, are eminently artistic. The vivid little sketch is skillfully executed, and its effect, sad though it be, is curiously invigorating, as was the advent of the unselfish little Englishwoman to her "ragged staff of comrades" in the Latin Quarter. She passes out of their lives again, leaving it dull and empty, but permanently enriched. The tale which follows, "The Funeral March of a Marionette," gives us another dismal glimpse of life in the famous Latin Quarter. It is far more miserable and sordid than the first, and is hardly a sufficient excuse for its own existence. But no one could complain of Mr. Harland that he makes this low Bohemia glitteringly attractive. He shows it to us bluntly, uncompromisingly, with side-lights upon the vulgarity of sin, not upon its charm. Yet there is not the slightest tendency to moralize in

these tales. The other three stories which make up the volume are quite different and somewhat less original, but they are all interesting in one way or another—the last for its breezy heroine, "A Sleeveless Errand" for the abnormal constancy of its hero and his disenchantment, and "The Prodigal Father" for the clever contrast between the serious-minded, Boston-bred son and his *fin-de-siècle* London parent. There are witty sayings in the last especially, but they are sometimes too obviously a thing apart from the story, dragged in by the throat. There is a Whistlerian flavor, however, about Weir, who was "much given to lounging about in queer twisted postures, as if double-jointed." He says, too, paradoxical things that suggest the eccentric painter, such as, "Duty is the last weakness of great minds," and "A lie in time saves nine." Nevertheless, he is not quite convincing, his literary portrait being, like himself, "loosely built," made up of parts imperfectly united. In none of the tales is the picture so well-cut and so artfully conceived as in the first. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

"BENEATH THE DOME" is a labor story, by the late Arnold Clark of Michigan, based on the Henry George idea. It is a novel of social and political life in the Capital of Michigan, and into the career of his hero the author has put most of the experiences of his own life, and into his mouth most of the utterances that would have been entirely characteristic of himself. Oliver Arkwright leaves a small college town for a clerkship in the Capitol, full of ambition for distinction in his chosen profession, the law. He meets with many disappointments, has a rude awakening when he comes in contact with "practical politics," and at last abandons law to devote himself to the task of elevating and purifying his fellow-man. Unfortunately his views are derived from Henry George and are hopelessly impractical. He believes that the land belongs to all people instead of to the individuals who have acquired it, and that our land system is the root of all our labor troubles. He maps out failure, of course, for himself and his schemes in advocating such theories as these, and a book based upon them can scarcely arouse even a languid interest. This one is particularly dull. (Chicago: Schulte Pub. Co.)—THE SUBJECT of the title-story in Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake's "A Daring Experiment, and Other Stories," is the ever-fruitful one of hypnotism and insensibility to pain. A young and unscrupulous doctor, of the type of mind and morals that often figures in the murder trials that our daily journals reveal to us, wishes to try on a subject the effect of a potion he has perfected for rendering one insensible to pain without sacrificing consciousness. This subject he finds in a plastic and innocent girl. The experiment is fortunately interrupted and the girl uninjured, so that the story, whose writing is entirely ordinary, ends nowhere. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

"JOANNA TRAILL, SPINSTER," by Annie E. Holdsworth, is a book with a mission (alas, how few books are without one nowadays!) that requires a moment's consideration. The self-indulgence of altruism, the egoism of philanthropy are admirable vices, no doubt—virtues carried to their extremes—but yet vices fraught with danger and harm as well as good. The spinster who has inherited a small fortune late in life, after long years of submission to the tyranny of the younger sisters she had cared for in childhood, indulges this philanthropy, the first interest that has ever come into her life, to the full extent of her income. Being a woman, the writer cannot refrain, of course, from introducing the element of love—vaguely, it is true, but still clearly enough to make the reader wonder whether the spinster indulges her philanthropy for the pleasure it brings or for the sake of the man she loves without realizing it herself. The rescued Magdalen—especially such a young and innocent victim as the Christine of this book—is always picturesque in fiction, and often in life; for it seemeth dearer to the heart of the philanthropist to rescue one woman of evil life than to help ten women that keep themselves clean and suffer therefor. However, Joanna takes the girl to her home, intending to train her to be her maid, but the rescued prefers the drawing-room to the servants' hall, and is therefore installed as the spinster's adopted daughter. In course of time a suitor appears for the girl's hand, but, when she tells him her past, he is very naturally more or less fazed, and opines with unnecessary frankness that no good man could marry her. For this a gentleman with the Semitic patronymic of Boas takes him to task as follows:—"How dare you say she is not a fit wife for anyone? That no good man would marry her? You scoundrel! you confounded fool! No man marry her? No! because there is no man good enough to marry her." He caps the climax by saying a little later:—"I believe Christine will make a better wife for having known temptation and resisted it." Such farrago misses fire every time—in novels as well as in reality. Exaggeration of this kind spoils the mission of most novels with such an improving appendix; the coddling of so-called unfortunates to the detriment of clean-lived starvelings is as immoral in actual life

as is the writing of intemperate nonsense in fiction. According to Mr. Boas, a woman with an unsavory past "will make a better wife"—from which it must logically follow that in this case cure would be more beneficial than prevention—a proposition which Miss Holdsworth is surely not prepared to defend. If the rescue work of the world were turned for a few years from the fallen to those who, on the brink, reach out in vain for help, more good would be accomplished than by the sentimental philanthropy of Joanna Traill, Spinster, who seems to have been satisfied with her one particular soiled dove, and to have given but little thought to other forms of suffering. The book shows evidence of having been written by one experienced in the field with which it deals; but it is spoiled by exaggeration—by a thesis that can only be described as hysterical and immoral. (Charles L. Webster & Co.)

Books for the Young

"WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE," by Mrs. Laura E. Richards, is an interesting account of the author's early childhood, and of the family life of Mrs. Julia Ward and Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, whose daughter she was. The chapters originally appeared in a children's magazine and were there read, as such contributions often are, with keen relish by the "grown-ups" of the home circle. To them every domestic or personal mention of such men and women as Charles Sumner, Charlotte Cushman, Prof. Agassiz and Dr. and Mrs. Howe, is a veritable delight, but it is doubtful whether articles of this kind produce the same pleasurable sensation in their young readers. In spite of the graceful style, the sentiment and the playful recitation of youthful escapades, children are apt to look with impatience upon anything that has a double motive for its existence. Nevertheless, it will be with a distinct sense of indebtedness that Mrs. Richards's other readers will close the little volume of pleasant records of this illustrious domestic circle, which included so many of the warm hearts and thoughtful brains of that period in our national and social life. (Estes & Lauriat.)—"RUBY'S UPS AND DOWNS," by Mrs. M. E. Paul, is another step in Ruby's progress towards grown-up-hood, and is the sequel to "Ruby and Ruthy." The volume is plainly and clearly printed and attractively illustrated—two points of distinct importance to childish eyes,—and will no doubt be as interesting to them as the other sympathetic stories from Mrs. Paul's pen. (Estes & Lauriat.)

"THE CHILDREN'S PILGRIMAGE," by Mrs. L. T. Meade, is one of those singular stories that are supposed to be suitable for the childish mind. Full of false sentiment, overdrawn suffering and baleful influences, they are the very worst that could be offered to the young. Children cannot discriminate, and weep with all the ardor of their passionate little natures over the false griefs that the mature mind would reject at once as bathos in nature and bad in art. This story tells the heartrending pilgrimage of two poor little children, who go in search of a lost step-sister, and is in the exaggerated and sensational style that has marked so much of Mrs. Meade's later work, and makes her stories so uneven. (A. J. Bradley & Co.)—JAMES L. FORD tells a thrilling story of the New York Fire Department in "The Third Alarm." Full of interesting matter, descriptions of a fireman's life and exploits of nerve and hardihood, it will be sure to interest all lads of active disposition. Neither can it be called a sensational tale, for, though the young hero does save a beautiful maiden from a burning hotel and suddenly falls heir to a fortune and aristocratic surroundings, all this occurs without too much shock to one's sense of the fitness of things. The book is well printed in clear, large type and adorned by a gay cover containing a picture of three plunging horses and a fire-engine on their way to a fire. (Brentano's.)—"WHEN WE TWO PARTED," by Sarah Doudney, is a new edition of an old book. Its attractive blue cover bears the "announcement" that it is a "Story for Girls," but we doubt the healthful influence of any book that is as distinctively sentimental in tone as its title is Byronic in wording. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"JENNY WREN'S BOARDING HOUSE," by James Otis, appeared first in the pages of *St. Nicholas*. There it delighted readers who will be glad to see it now in book-form. It is a quaint and touching story of a lot of little newsboys, who lent to Jenny Parsons, familiarly known as Jenny Wren, enough money to start a boarding-house for them. Comical, indeed, were the business and domestic arrangements of the concern, and astonishing were the rules and regulations put up around the house in newsboy English. But in spite of their bad spelling and shaky chirography the little urchins seriously insisted on probity, and even inculcated sentiments of a superior kind—superior, at least, for street arabs who are supposed to be without sensibility of any sort. The story is delightful in many and unobjectionable in all ways—is printed in clear, large type, and is furnished with pictures that really illustrate. (Estes & Lauriat.)—MRS. ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY has con-

tinued the fortunes of her alluring and lucky girls, in "Witch Winnie in Paris." The four girls who have figured as the heroines of the former volumes in this series start for Paris to pursue the art instruction they had begun in New York at the League. Mrs. Champney is perfectly *au fait* with all art topics in Paris, with the different studios and schools, the excursions, the quarters of that bewitching city and the people and sights that are distinguished. With such material she has made a story that will be interesting to many young women who are entering the borderland of the mysterious and wonderful kingdom of art. The volume is illustrated, like its predecessors, by J. Wells Champney, and ends with a promise of another book, to be called "Witch Winnie at Versailles." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Mrs. CHAMPNEY has addressed herself to the amusement of boys, and has written the record of a summer in the lives of half a dozen of them. The book is called "Six Boys," and concerns itself chiefly with the attempt to steal a diamond necklace and the false suspicions that fell on one of the lads. This boy was a warm-hearted, chivalrous Portuguese, who was being educated far from his people and his native land, in the country village of Little Wisdom, where the scenes of the story are laid. The object of the tale is to impress on its boy readers the importance and beauty of truth and the development of character. The book is full of incidents and activity, and, barring some descriptions that will appeal most to "grown-ups," it is bound to interest boy readers. (Estes & Lauriat.)—"Two," a story of English school-boy life, by Barry Pain, is, as its title indicates, a tale of two boys who shared their studies, their games, their adventures and their misadventures. Whether the book will prove very interesting to American boys is something of a question. For, though there is plenty of activity and plenty of slang, the first is of a kind that will seem rather slow to them, and the latter is a strange mixture of cockney dialect and English school-boy argot. The book is one that belongs to a local class of stories, a class that is found in America as well as in England, but which makes stories like "Treasure Island" and "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" all the more remarkable for the universality of their interest. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—"FAIRY-TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS," edited by E. Dixon *virginibus puerisque*, and illustrated by J. D. Betten, is an artistic and most attractive reproduction of some of the perennially fascinating tales of the Thousand and One Nights. There are fifteen of the stories, including the seven voyages of the veracious Sinbad; and the illustrations are in absolute keeping with the Oriental text. The five full-page photogravures are particularly original and admirable. The typography and binding are equally appropriate and tasteful. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

OIDA has given us in "Two Offenders" the kind of story that she knows so well how to write—a story that is a subtle mixture of scorn and satire of the world's false gods, and tenderness for the suffering humanity endures. The book is composed of two stories, one called "An Ingrate," the other "An Assassin." The first is a keen comment on the obnoxious kind of charity dispensed in institutions for decayed genius, wherein all trace of personal liberty is sold for a mess of pottage and a night's lodging. The second is the old story of the worm that turned when trodden on. In both, as always, Ouida has thrown the weight of her trenchant sarcasm and her able wit in support of the Two Offenders. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—"ONLY A GUARD-ROOM DOG," by Edith E. Cuthell, is a simple tale for English children of the life of a little tramp beast whose homeless condition won the heart of the son of a Captain in the Loyal Dumbartonshire Regiment, at Aldershot Camp. He saved Tangle's life in the first instance, and later Tangle repaid this service by doing no end of good turns to everyone with whom he was associated. In the end his death was heroic, and his memory cherished. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—"PAX AND CARLINO" is another story of the friendship and attachment between a dog and his little master. Carlino was a little boy who had been stolen, and who went through no end of adventures before he was found by his relatives. The story contains a good deal of material more or less interesting, but is written in words that are often quite beyond the comprehension of children. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"MARY" is one of Mrs. Molesworth's inimitable stories for children, or, perhaps, to be more correct, we should say stories of children, for there is no one who can draw babyhood and childhood with such alluring grace or such correctness—with the possible exception of Mrs. Ewing. She knows all their fairy-like imaginings, their little griefs and their quaint sayings, and out of these creates fictitious little beings that are irresistibly like their living prototypes. Still, her stories are to be read to children, rather than by them; and sometimes comes the doubt, as it always does with Mrs.

Ewing's stories, if after all they are not beyond the comprehension of the little folks for whom ostensibly they are written, and if it is not the grown-up reader who gets most amusement out of their perusal. However, this is less so with "Mary" than with some of the others. Mary was four, and her little world was limited very largely by her nurse, her two brothers, aged nine and seven, and the little sister that came on her own "birdday" morning. (Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Kipling on "The Great Pie Belt"

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, who is now in London, has been interviewed by a representative of *The St. James's Gazette* (the interviewing habit, by the way, has become quite English), and this is what he said of America in general and New England in particular:—

"Meanwhile, you yourself go back to New England after your holiday here?" asked the reporter. "Yes. It suits my purposes, for the time."

"Apparently, the climate suits you," said our representative, glancing at Mr. Kipling's healthy brown cheeks. "Oh, the climate is excellent for nine months of the year. A lovely green country and soft gold sunshine all the summer; and a perfect winter. Snow three feet deep, and such sleighing! Did you ever sleigh? No; then you don't know one of the best things in life. Then the still clearness of the cold is delightful. There is hardly a stir of wind for days together, and with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero you can't catch cold if you try. I admit, when the wind *does* come it is pretty bad—a blizzard fit to blow the plates off the side of an ironclad. The New England spring, too, is a surprise—frost, wind, and baking sun, in layers as it were, in three consecutive days. Still, on the whole, the climate is a good one for a foreigner. Whether it is just the sort to build up a tough race is another question. It is too dry—the air is too highly oxygenated. It makes brain better than muscle, and nerves more than either. Our moist grey English weather is the thing, after all, to keep the blood in the veins and the gastric juices in work. Now the Yankee does not seem to be able to sleep o' nights, or laugh out loud, or assimilate his food in peace."

"I thought that last was mainly due to the kind of food he tried to assimilate." "No doubt that has a good deal to do with it. I speak with knowledge, for I live on the borders of the Great Pie Belt!"

"The Great Pie Belt?" echoed our appalled interviewer. "Yes," replied Mr. Kipling; "the Pie Belt, which extends through the New England States and across Northern New York. Pie is a habit all over the Eastern States; in the Belt it is a debauch. Have you considered the physiological condition of a people which eats pie for breakfast, pie for dinner, and pie for supper, and takes ice-water and sweetstuff between whiles? Dyspepsia is endemic; you can't expect anything else."

"In fact, like other Englishmen, Mr. Kipling, you probably don't regard America as an ideal country for comfort." "I may," said the Wise Young Man cautiously, "or I may not admire the Americans; but *our* comfort they do not understand. Everything is too temporary for that. They are in the railway-station-waiting-room stage of civilization. They are resting till the cars come up and take them on somewhere else; and it is hardly worth while yet for anyone to settle down and be solidly comfortable. It feels like one vast encampment, with frame-houses or steel and concrete barracks instead of tents."

Jane Barlow

ONE COULD WISH that the author of "Irish Idylls" and "Bogland Studies" had been less shy of her countenance, and had given us a fair, open view of the down-cast, studious face with its long, veiled eyelids underneath the dome of brow that fronts us in the accompanying portrait, only to tantalize us with its half-revealed traits of character and genius. For the prevailing impression that strikes one at first gaze, of unconscious dignity and absolute humility, is no affectation, but a self-revelation that is most striking, because unstudied. Miss Barlow is the most modest of our successful new writers. In one of her wonderfully frank and refreshing letters she states that nothing has ever pleased and surprised her more than the amount of interest that has been shown in her "two little books." "I cannot forbear a strong doubt whether those 'peals of praise' can possibly be mine. It makes me very proud to imagine that even a small percentage of them may, perhaps, lawfully belong to me." Yet she is too little self-conscious, too sincere, to refuse to talk about herself or to convey her thoughts to you "over oceans of say," when she finds you are friendly and really desire to hear from her. But it is done with a simplicity and meekness which betoken true greatness and a genuine mind

and heart. If she is frank enough to observe that one of the pleasantest features of her success has been that she has failed to come upon the slightest trace of jealousy, which people speak of as existing among her brethren of the pen, it is because, as one of her friendly critics declares, "the most rancorous envy would fall dead before her."



Yours very truly
Jane Barlow

Raheny, the little hamlet in which Miss Barlow lives, is not a far cry from Dublin, and the indistinct hum of traffic piercing its pastoral air is a reminder of the great city "down beyant," as the echoes of its thoroughfare reverberate among the dim and distant purple hills. The Cottage which shelters Miss Barlow is a veritable nest of flowers and a bower of delight, "redolent of home virtues and the things that best make life worth living." To see it and to feel the charm and warmth of its atmosphere is to feel the certainty of conviction that causes Miss Barlow's friends to doubt whether London drawing-rooms, or even Dublin drawing rooms, will ever see her. "Jennie is a veritable fire-worshipper," her mother is reported as saying to a visitor. "She hates to be driven from her chimney-corner. An invincible repugnance for going outside these four walls and as strong an objection to eating her meals have marked her since babyhood."

Jane Barlow comes of German and Norman descent, but her family has been, for generations, practically Irish. Her father is Prof. Barlow of Dublin University, and the professor's daughter comes out frequently in her obvious weakness for historical and Greek allusions, but more conspicuously in that philosophical disquisition on eschatology in a bog, "Walled Out," narrated with all the grim humor and pathetic outlook of the peasant. The severity, by the way, with which she kept her anonymity when "Walled Out" was contributed to the *Dublin University Review* in 1885, in spite of the editor's advertisement for her name, is an early indication of that "panic of shyness" which she still betrays on occasion.

It is rather remarkable that the close appreciation and understanding of the Irish character which mark her work should result from the sympathy that comes by genius rather than by knowledge. Despite the indisputable fact that these studies are the most original contributions to the subject that it has been our lot to see for many years, and that in her own sphere Miss Barlow is rivalled by none, she has been snugly sheltered within pleasant and congenial

surroundings and has only known remotely the circumstances of the life she depicts with such amazing picturesqueness and truth. When Miss Barlow adds knowledge to her genius in the future evolution of her art, and learns the value of the religious emotion which is so strong and vital an element in Irish peasant life, we may find in her, as many critics are inclined to believe, the great Irish novelist we have been so long expecting.

Miss Barlow has taken the next step towards this goal by writing her first long story, which Dodd, Mead & Co. will issue in a few days. "Kerrigan's Quality" is told with the charm and raciness which distinguish her style, and, while somewhat defective in constructive skill and dramatic intensity, it is a remarkable revelation of the life of the Irish peasantry and carries itself with that "princely serenity" (the phrase is Thomas Hardy's) which draws us to the work of the recognized masters.

The Nation, reviewing Miss Barlow's work, called attention to the fact that no Irishman, having read such works as these, could lay them aside without feeling incumbent upon him self-restraint, and the suppression of passions of race and religion and nationality and party; and added that in writing thus truly and kindly of the Irish people Miss Barlow might all unconsciously be doing better work for her country than many of those whose names as patriots are prominently before the world. Although we are more concerned here with the art-side of Miss Barlow's work, yet this phase of it is too important to be overlooked, especially when we note that so observant and close a student of Irish life, in reality and romance, as Mrs. Hinkson declares that "it is safe to say that the philanthropist or the political student interested in the eternal Irish problem will learn more from Miss Barlow's twin volumes than from a dozen Royal Commissions and a hundred blue-books." Miss Barlow, we may add, is a Nationalist—a born rebel, her father says,—and a firm Home-Ruler. Perhaps the author is most strongly impelled to her work, however, by her patriotic tendencies and social sympathies with the Irish people. This is revealed in a naive remark she made at the beginning of the winter, when she projected the plan of writing some more short stories. "It would be a great comfort," she writes, "in the hard weather, to think that one was doing what might really help the poor people by stirring up sympathy on their behalf. I know what a risk there is of trying to do this *directly* and so not doing it at all, and I shall endeavor to avoid that mistake." One is reminded of her recollection of the influence which she says Longfellow's "Bridge" had upon her when a girl in her early teens. "I always identified the bridge with the wooden bridge at the Bull close by, and I really believe it is in a considerable measure responsible for my pessimistic turn of mind. The lines

'And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me'

filled me with despair, because it seemed to me that if one cared about the sorrows of others at all, it would be just as bad as one's own. I don't think I have ever materially altered my opinion on that point."

Miss Barlow has a very lofty conception of art, and her standard of work keeps so far out of reach that her frequent expressions of dissatisfaction have recalled oftentimes a glimpse of wistful aspiration which Mr. Barrie afforded me in one of his letters:—"Writing is all a pursuit of that which we can never seize; but we can go on pursuing: all work is that." Dr. Marcus Dods has ventured the statement regarding "Bogland Studies" that were anyone to say that she has won for herself a place not only among the poets but among the immortals, it might be more rash to contradict than to make such a statement. Yet we find Miss Barlow writing of her "Bogland Studies" as a "sort of poetry," which is one reason why she prefers them to the "Idylls." "I set my heart upon being a poet too long ever to give up the idea quite contentedly; 'the old hope is hardest to be lost.' A real poet I can never be, as I have, I fear, nothing of the lyrical faculty, and a poet without that is worse than a bird without wings. So like Mrs. Browning's Nazianzen, I am doomed to look 'at the lyre hung out of reach.'"

It is a curious coincidence, not only that the small, neat handwriting should resemble that of Charlotte Brontë, but that their work should be arrived at through a common medium—that is to say, by inspiration and sympathy, and not by knowledge and experience.

JAMES MACARTHUR.

The Day's News as a Study

MR. W. ANDREW MCANDREWS describes in *The School Journal* of March 31 a system of making the news of the day a part of the curriculum in educational institutions, which has been applied with success at the High School of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

"Ten minutes of school time," he says, "should suffice, and often all the real news may be read, if properly selected, in less

time than that. The task of preparing this work, however, is no simple thing, to be dashed off in a few moments. It should be given the dignity of a regular study. * * * There are clippings to make, references to consult, pictures to find, and maps to display. * * * Twelve editors at a time seems the best working force, and the teacher himself should be an active managing editor. At the Pratt Institute, each set of editors serves one week. The entire school gathers every morning in the assembly hall, where are the news bulletins—"an ordinary blackboard divided into the twelve departments of the journal" ["City and County," "State," "U. S. General," "England," "Science and Invention," etc.]. Half an hour or fifteen minutes before the opening of school, the editors for these different departments arrive, and begin searching the daily papers. * * * As the editors are busy collecting news, each for his own department, the teacher in charge will find it necessary to give a good deal of advice as to what really important news is. * * * When, now, the ordinary opening exercises of the school are over, the announcement of the news of the day is in order. The editors rise and pass to their stations, and then, one after another, in a clear, loud voice, they give the announcements of the doings of the great world since the day before. * * * The reading of the news is attended with a necessary and most beneficial abundance of questioning. There is provoked a daily curiosity upon some of the most salient staples of current intelligence. What is the Wilson Bill? What is a tariff? Why does the Government need money? Who originate the bills for revenue? What is this Triple Alliance? Why do the French so compliment the Russians? And hundreds of other questions cannot be suppressed when once this news exercise begins, and so the threads of it at once lead back into the past of history and draw into prominence some half-forgotten matters of importance. Often the teacher finds himself unable to answer an important query thus suggested, and a search must be made for the truth and authority. * * * At Pratt Institute, a board for bulletining the proper pronunciation of misspoken words adds another educational feature to the exercise."

Miss Harraden

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN is visiting friends at Tuckahoe, N. Y., and will stay with them until she goes to California, where she



MISS HARRADEN

will remain until the autumn. Miss Harraden does not always wear the cap and gown she has been the most frequently portrayed in, but is usually arrayed as in the accompanying sketch, which is taken from *The Bookman*. Her new book, "In Varying Moods," which has recently been published, is meeting with great success. It is fully protected in this country by copyright, and will bring to Miss Harraden the fruits of the fame won for her by "Ships that Pass in the Night."

The Lounger

MR. FRANCIS B. LOOMIS has evidently taken a good deal of pains to misinform himself on the subject of "Americans Abroad," or, rather, on that of the relative cost of living in Europe and America, which misinformation he lays before the readers of the May number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. About the number of Americans abroad and the amount of money they spend, I know nothing. Mr. Loomis's figures may be right on those points, but on the relative cost of living he is altogether wrong, notwithstanding the fact that he got his information from a "trained observer of great intelligence, who has resided with his family in Europe for a period of twelve years." This trained observer says that living is "a little more expensive in Europe than in America." This statement is simply untrue. "Life in good European hotels costs as much as it does in good hotels in America," he insists. This I deny and can prove my point. I spent one night at the Hotel Dam in New York—a good enough hotel, but not one of the first rank, and I paid \$2.50 for a small room on the sixth floor, opening on a well-hole, up which in the early morning came the sound of dish-washing from the basement, and of piano-tuning at Steinway's, next door. I had a good-sized room with alcove on the sixth floor of the Continental Hotel in Paris, looking out upon the Garden of the Tuileries, and I paid 8 francs (\$2) a day for it. There are other hotels in the best quarters of Paris, not so new—but I wish we had some with as good eating in New York,—where eight francs a day covers both board and lodging. There is no end of them where ten francs will cover everything. In London I stopped at a select, small hotel in Jermyn Street, where the rooms were comfortable and the food exceptionally good, and I paid \$1.25 a day for my room. The meals cost whatever I cared to pay. Outside of London you can get luxurious rooms in excellent hotels for 2s 6d—60 cents! Travelling by railroad is dearer than with us, but cabs and carriages are ridiculously cheap. The cheapness of everything made me want to buy more than I needed or could afford. Mr. Loomis says that "quinine" is dearer, but I never had occasion to buy any, so I will not dispute with him about this. As for clothes, everything in that line is cheaper. Ulsters that we pay \$80 for in New York we can get for \$30 in London, of the same makers. \$20 will buy a man a suit of clothes in London that \$50 wouldn't buy him in New York. Clothes are cheap in New York just now, but they are not made of as good material as the English garments. Mr. Loomis says that a man with \$5000 a year cannot live as well in London as he can for the same amount in New York. This statement may be patriotic, but it will not bear examination. Books are singularly dear in England, but the circulating libraries put them within the reach of all.

GEN. LEW WALLACE wants an American Academy, and he has had his friend, Gen. Black, introduce a bill in Congress, providing for a National Academy of twenty-five immortals, five persons to be selected by Congress who shall elect the other twenty. The only Academy that this country will have for many generations, if ever, is the one elected by *The Critic's* readers some years ago. From that list of forty immortals some of the greatest have been dropped by death. Dr. Holmes still heads the original list, which is getting very meagre. On this subject the *Chicago Tribune* says:—"What Congress should establish is something resembling Westminster, in which to erect tablets to the few noted men this country has produced in literature, science, invention, humanitarianism and statesmanship."

"THIS COUNTRY," the paper continues, "is not producing immortals but mortals, and any one mortal is as good as any other mortal as long as he lives. After the mortals are dead they do not need an Academy, and while they are living to single out twenty-five of them and organize them as immortals would be to create a privileged class of no more dignity or usefulness than Ward MacAllister's Four Hundred." The *Tribune* intimates that if Gen. Lew Wallace, who drew the bill, wants an Academy, he ought to get the State of Indiana to establish one for him.

MR. EDWARD W. BOK, who keeps himself pretty well informed on matters relating to authors, has been at some pains to find out the true feeling of members of that profession on the subject of receiving letters from unknown persons. Mr. Howells likes to get letters of praise and sympathy, but he "hates awfully" to answer them. If the majority of letters could be made "self-answering," he thinks, it would add much to the pleasure of an author's life. Miss Jewett distinguishes between letters of interest and those of curiosity. The former she likes, the latter she dislikes. Mr. Cable thinks that the great bulk of letters written to authors is the result of idleness. These he does not like, but a spontaneous burst

of appreciation is always welcome. Mrs. Burton Harrison's views are not unlike Miss Jewett's, and the sum and substance of Mr. Bok's answers is that intelligent, earnest letters are welcome, and that impertinent and silly letters are unwelcome. One might almost have guessed this without reading the documents in the case.

* * *

The St. James's Budget, in reprinting an interview with Mr. Howells from *The Illustrated American*, makes the author of "Silas Lapham" say, in discussing English authors:—"Their work is not honest work. They do not take it seriously, as authors do in the other countries in Europe, and as we are doing here; and when I say 'we,' I mean such writers as Henry James Cable and Miss Mary E. Wilkin."

* * *

THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT of *The Westminster Budget* has succeeded in getting an interview with Paderewski. To him the Polish pianist confessed two things:—one, that the libretto of his opera is being written by a Pole; the other, that he is horribly nervous whenever he faces an audience. Paderewski also said that, although as a musician he had been a *Wunderkind*, he had worked just as hard to learn his profession as though he had not been especially gifted. Of the pianoforte as an instrument to play upon, he said:—

"It is at once the easiest and the hardest. Anyone can play the pianoforte, but few ever do so well, and then only after years and years of toil, pain and study. When you have surmounted all difficulties, not one in a hundred amongst your audience realizes through what labor you have passed. Yet they are all capable of criticising and understanding what your playing should be. Anyone who takes up piano-playing with a view to becoming a professional pianist has taken on himself an awful burden. But," added the Polish virtuoso, with a smile, "better that than the drudgery of giving pianoforte lessons. The one is only purgatory, but the other—hell!"

* * *

THERE APPEARED, not long since, in an English publication, the titles of the books highest in the favor of the Melbourne Public Library Trustees. It was a strangely chosen list, and the sight of it has called forth some amusing comments from Andrew Lang:—

"Melbourne," he writes, "has taken hold of Culture, and she is just making Culture hum. She has had a Free Library for eighteen months. The most curious statistics are quoted by *The Publishers' Circular*. No less than 130,000 works have been 'taken out.' But you cannot get the depraved Kipling, the luxurious Ouida and the brutal and licentious Rider Haggard. They are not pure and good enough for Melbourne. 'Mrs. Wood and Miss Braddon do not satisfy the Trustees.' One would be glad (like Charles Lamb on a familiar occasion) to inspect the 'bumps' and cerebral development of those Trustees. Are they very wealthy men? If Miss Braddon does not 'satisfy' them, what literary appetites they must have! I know no author more satisfying than Miss Braddon: it is a pity she has written so little, but one can always read her over again.

"They don't want Austin Dobson or Mr. William Watson, they sniff at Lord De Tabley and Mr. Norman Gale. But they have put in a Reference Library as many as they can get of the mournful minor poets branded by Mr. Traill. The favorite Novelist, O ye Powers who smile at the deeds of men! is George Eliot. Then comes Mark Twain (bully for Mark!) and Dickens a long way after. Probably they never heard of Thackeray: Scott and Hawthorne are not so much as mentioned. Oh no, we never mention them, their name is quite forgot; we never heard of Hawthorne, Fielding, Defoe, Hall Caine or Scott, nor yet of Sterne, or Richardson, we are a curious lot; Swift, Goldsmith, Smollett, Thackeray, are totally forgot. They do not read our own immortal R. L. S., or Mrs. Ward, or Mrs. Oliphant; Mr. Meredith's name was struck out of the catalogue, though later replaced, but they dote on Mr. Hardy. One shall be taken, and another left. If Mr. Hardy, why not Mr. Meredith, and why, in the name of kangaroos, damper, boomerangs and bunyips, no Mr. Stevenson?"

London Letter

IN THE SPRING an author's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of London and—his royalties, and in the general influx of writers to town during the last week we have been fortunate in a visit from our old friend, Mr. Hall Caine, who has exchanged with an easy grace the luxurious domain of Greeba Castle for the closer confines of the National Club, Whitehall Gardens, where his light suit and loose tie form a picturesque contrast to the common gathering of frock-coats and silk hats. Mr. Caine has come to town for rest, he says. The labor of finishing "The Manxman" has overworn him, and his doctor has prescribed complete change of scene and occupation. But Mr. Caine's friends have allowed him but little repose. He is beset on every side, and on Monday night was forced

to assume the arduous duties of Chairman at the dinner, given at Anderton's Hotel, in honor of the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. It is no small task to be the presiding genius of a public dinner, and Mr. Caine is always one of those that make the hard thing harder by conscientiousness. His speech was in every way a finished and elaborate piece of oratory. It had all the vivid actuality and imagination of his method, and it was delivered with an impressive sincerity that had an instant effect upon his hearers. In point of matter, it would probably find many to dissent from it. Mr. Caine set himself to prove the paradoxical and rather unnecessary argument that Shakespeare was at heart a novelist. To establish this point, he quoted many of those illuminating passages of description with which the plays are jewelled, arguing from these that Shakespeare was wont to touch in the scenery in exactly the same fashion as that which the novelist employs to-day. He dwelt especially on the dagger scene in *Macbeth*, and on the supernatural in Shakespeare, as evidences of this tendency to the touch of fiction. "I believe," he said, "this fact, that the novelist was in Shakespeare, was the very sheet-anchor of dramatic literature. In the days when the author was everything—author, scene-painter and half-actor, as well,—the drama was free. Is it free now? It has been sold, I fear, to the bondage of the upholsterer and milliner. A year ago I lunched with a well-known dramatist, the day before the production of a play which is now very famous. 'Is it going to be a success?' I asked. 'I don't know—I think so. But one has to be thinking of the box-office all the time one is writing.' All this was striking enough argument for a speech, but it will not bear the light of criticism, nor is it necessary here to enter into the discussion. I have merely given in brief the line of discourse which Mr. Caine adopted—very taking, but not very acute or thorough. Among the other authors who are paying us a spring visit is Mr. J. M. W. van der Poort Schwartz, better known under his pseudonym of "Maarten Maartens," who is to be seen daily at the same club in confidential talk with his brother of England and that ever-energetic representative of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., Mr. G. W. Sheldon. Mr. Maartens is extremely popular in London, where he comes as a fresh voice, though he is always up to date in our interests and our movements, and has the inestimable privilege of belonging to no clique, but being the friend and confidant of every school alike.

A book that is sure to attract a large amount of attention is almost ready, in the shape of the newest work by the author of "An Englishman in Paris," which will bear the title of "My Paris Notebook." It seems but a very little while ago that we were all hazzarding our guesses as to who could be the author of the singularly successful book of reminiscences; but by now Mr. A. D. Vandam, the writer, is a fairly familiar figure on London pavements. Small, dapper and lively in movement, with a pointed beard, just grizzled, and piercing, sparkling eyes, he looks the very type of the clever picker-up and retailer of half-considered trifles. His talk is like his work, studded with anecdote; he takes you by the buttonhole at the street corner to give you his latest "quip," and he must be a perfect fund of copy to the receptive journalist. It is told of him that he once sold a book of Zola's for him—for love and admiration, not for a commission,—and that he afterwards begged for a copy of the work with the author's autograph. The gift was declined, so the story runs, for Zola has a care for his expenses. One can hardly believe it true, but the narrator adds that Mr. Vandam thereafter charged the novelist a commission on the sale of his manuscripts.

The two books of the week are Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Tennyson" and Mr. Swinburne's "Astrophel"—a golden harvest, indeed. Perhaps Mr. Swinburne is scarcely at his best in the new volume: it lacks the variety and fiery spontaneity of his earlier work. But there is no disappointment in Mr. Brooke's book, which is emphatically the most critical and complete study of Tennyson ever written. It lacks finish and modulation of style, but as a piece of discriminating analysis and sympathetic insight it could scarcely be bettered. It is a book that no one who professes to be in any degree a student of Tennyson can possibly afford to neglect.

Mr. George Smith, the originator and proprietor of that monumental work, "The Dictionary of National Biography," is to be entertained at dinner, on June 6, by a large and distinguished body of literary men. The dinner is to take place at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and among those who have expressed their intention of being present are Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor of the Dictionary, who will occupy the Chair, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. James Bryce, M. P., Sir Theodore Martin, Profs. Jebb and Bonney, Mr. Austin Dobson, Dr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Sidney Colvin. The Dictionary has already been ten years in building, and it is probable that another five will pass before it is finally completed. The air seems full of the odor of dining, indeed, for I hear that the annual feast of the "Women Writers," as they prefer to be named, has been called for an early date at the Criterion Restaurant. Mrs.

Pennell, that first of authorities on cooking, may be trusted to keep her eye on the menu, and Lady Violet Greville, Mrs. L. T. Meade, Miss Adeline Sergeant, Mrs. Graham R. Tomson and Miss Clementina Black will also share the pleasures and responsibilities of the Committee. The merry meeting is to take place on May 31.

The boycotting of Mr. George Moore's "Esther Waters" by the library of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son is, it is reported, to be taken up by the Incorporated Society of Authors. If this prove to be the case, it will be a matter of the utmost interest to the literary world. The autocracy of the circulating-library has long been a conspicuous blot upon our system; and, if it be possible to show these dictators of the press that their arbitrary condemnation of a book amounts to something like libel, the Society of Authors will have done a very important and memorable work. Mr. Besant is mute upon the course to be taken; indeed, it does not seem that arrangements are in any way definite as yet, but it is at least certain that the Society has the question under consideration, and more may be expected to follow.

That brightest and best of the literary newspapers, *The Bookman*, is to be published in America also, where it will doubtless be heartily welcomed. The American editor will be Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, who will presumably work in conjunction with the founder of the English edition, Dr. Robertson Nicoll. The paper should be a big success over the water, for it is always brimming over with information, and Dr. Nicoll is unrivalled in the ranks of English journalism for the keenness and rapidity with which he scents the new thing. He is generally a good month ahead of any other editor, and that, I am sometimes told, is just the journalism for New York.

LONDON, April 25, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

ON SATURDAY of this week, Boston's most eminent citizen will celebrate his eighty-fifth birthday. On May 12, 1809, in the same year with Lincoln, Gladstone, Tennyson and Holmes, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop was born. The date of his birth will, as usual, be remembered here by his friends; and at Rock Hill, South Carolina, will be laid the corner-stone of the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College, named in his honor. There will be addresses by Gov. Tillman and Speaker Jones of the State House of Representatives, with other appropriate ceremonies. From a committee, headed by the Governor, there came a letter to Mr. Winthrop, expressing gratification at being able to pay this tribute to his name; and the reply was characteristically modest and courteous.

A longer paper from Mr. Winthrop's pen has just been put into print—a work which will preserve the impressions of eminent people made upon one who stands prominent among them. This "fragment of autobiography," as Mr. Winthrop terms it, is privately printed, and will reach the hands of his immediate family and a few friends only. "Reminiscences of Foreign Travel," the book is entitled, and from its preface we learn that many of these reminiscences were written long ago and laid aside for future consideration. During the past winter Mr. Winthrop found pleasure in adding to this "fragment," and to-day it constitutes a valuable as well as an intensely interesting addition to American literature.

At the very outset, forty-seven years ago, the hand of Sir Charles Lyell is extended to us, and under his guidance we go, with Mr. Winthrop, on the very first day of the latter's arrival in England, to hear Faraday lecture. At the hall, Mr. Winthrop meets Faraday, Dean Milman and Dr. Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich. The next day, with letters from his friend Edward Everett, he meets with a cordial welcome from Sir Robert Peel; and from here on there is a delightful series of meetings with the great men of the age. It is probable that Mr. Winthrop is the only American who ever declined to dine with the Duke of Wellington. Having a previous engagement, the democratic American visitor declined the proffered honor of the dinner with the Iron Duke, all unconscious that, according to British custom, he should have regarded that invitation in the same light as a "command" from the Queen, giving ample reason for breaking all previous engagements. But later he had many pleasant interviews with the conqueror of Napoleon, and most vividly does he point out his characteristics. And then Lord Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby), Samuel Rogers, Wordsworth, Richard Whately, Browning and Brougham are brought before the reader through their acquaintance with Mr. Winthrop. Peel, Aberdeen, Derby, Russell, Beaconsfield, Palmerston, Gladstone, Salisbury and the present Premier, Lord Rosebery—is not this, indeed, a remarkable list of Prime Ministers to have met personally? Mr. Winthrop's memory is undimmed by years; his power of graphic narration, and his taste and skill in the weaving of the light anecdotal color into the serious work, are unflagging. The bright, sharp word is ever handy to epitomize a chapter. First presented at Court in 1847, when the Queen was in the

full enjoyment of youth and health, Mr. Winthrop received the favor, rare at that time (1859), of a private interview with the Emperor Francis Joseph; while Pius IX., Louis Philippe, Napoleon III., and others of rank on the Continent were visited. But with all this wealth of acquaintance, including the leaders of art and science as well, it remained for him to record, on the closing page of his volume, that of all he met in any land, the wisest and the greatest of all, to his mind, was Cavour. Thus the "Reminiscences of Foreign Travel" end. Combining this work with Mr. Winthrop's noted addresses on the great Americans of the century, we have now in substantial form a series of portraits to which the historical scholar of the future may well turn for accurate, substantial and engrossing information.

Down in the city of peace, last week, a May breakfast was given to the American Authors' Guild, the members being the guests of the Thought and Work Club. Most notable, indeed, was this gathering of authors in old Salem town, including, as it did, Dr. Hale, Robert Grant, Julia Ward Howe, Olive Thorne Miller, J. T. Trowbridge, Elizabeth Akers Allen, Hezekiah Butterworth and Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Gen. James Grant Wilson, the President of the Guild, introduced first of all Lieut.-Gov. Wolcott, who responded for the Commonwealth. Dr. Hale, in his speech, thought it time that the authors should organize to carry through a copyright law that nobody could drive a coach and four through. Mrs. Howe brightly declared that to face the Salem fairies on this occasion was much better than to face the witches of old, while Judge Grant delivered an off-hand speech that brought down the house. Mr. William Lee, the publisher, was called upon to show himself as a sample of an "honest publisher," and received a most cordial welcome from the assembly. There were other speeches and more entertainment, resulting in a most pleasant day.

With three brief notes I will close my letter. The Overseers at Harvard have decided that it is not advisable at present to grant the degree of Bachelor of Arts to students of Radcliffe College, because the students in that College are not permitted the qualification in Harvard University, and that degree implies such qualification. It was voted, however, that the Faculty be authorized in its discretion to admit any student of Radcliffe College to any instruction designed primarily for graduates upon such terms, and subject to such limitations and conditions, as may be agreed upon between the Faculty and the corresponding governing board of Radcliffe College, the Annex students not to be deemed students of Harvard University and the privileges conferred upon them to be at all times revokable. — The famous Walden woods, the beautiful growth of oak and pine loved so well by Emerson and Thoreau, were badly damaged last week by an immense forest fire. — Under assignee's sale, for \$3450, the property of the Russell Publishing Co., consisting of the publications *Our Little Ones* and *The Whole Family*, has been turned over to the proprietors of *The Household*.

BOSTON, May 8, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

ALTHOUGH THE OPENING of the Columbian Museum has been deferred until June 1, most of the exhibits are in order, and only the absence, in Europe, of the President, Mr. Edward E. Ayer, and the Vice-President, Mr. Martin A. Ryerson, causes the delay. The task of classifying and arranging the exhibits was no light one, but it has been performed with much acumen and great celerity. The beautiful Art Building in Jackson Park is the home of the Museum, and even with the annexes it is hardly large enough to display the various collections. Most of these were gifts from the corporations and governments exhibiting them at the Fair, but the Trustees have spent about \$300,000 in supplementing them. The result of their labor is certainly remarkable; the collections gathered under the roof of the Art Building will be most interesting to the public, and invaluable to students and specialists. The Director-in-Chief of the Museum is Mr. F. J. V. Skiff, the able manager of the Mining Department of the World's Fair. He has been assisted by a competent band of specialists—Dr. Millsbaugh in the section of botany, Dr. Boaz in ethnology, Dr. West in anthropology, Mr. Heicke in geology, Mr. Farrington in palaeontology, and Mr. Frank C. Baker in zoology. Major Pangborn is the head of the department of transportation, Mr. J. E. Watkins of industrial arts, Mr. Webster of the Columbus memorial collection, and Mr. E. L. Burchard of the library.

The arrangement has been carefully planned, and has reduced chaos to system. The different departments follow each other in natural order, and one who wishes to do so may begin with the history of the earth itself in the rooms devoted to geology, follow its plant and animal life to the character and work of the primitive races, and finally reach the scientific achievements of civilization. This progress is illustrated in the central courts, by a series of care-

fully selected, typical exhibits. The main rotunda under the dome is consecrated to the memory of the Fair, St. Gaudens's fine statue of Columbus standing in its centre. Around it are many original designs, modelled by different sculptors, for the decoration of the Exposition grounds and buildings. French's model for the Republic is here, Martiny's beautiful figures and groups for the Agricultural Building, the American beasts modelled by Kemeys and Proctor, the superb groups which French and Potter designed together for the margin of the Basin, and many others that are well worth preservation. Walking from this rotunda through the court containing the model of the Reichstag, which was given to the Museum at the suggestion of Emperor William, one enters the Columbus memorial rooms. In these many of the valuable documents and portraits relating to the discoverer, which were exhibited in the Convent of La Rabida, are preserved. The unique collection of letters, portraits and mosaics from the Vatican was given to the Museum, with the exception of two or three letters, which have been photographed for this exhibition. Many interesting and important relics are also displayed, and the facilities for seeing them are better than in the Convent, which was always crowded. Returning to the departments of geology and palæontology, which legitimately come first, we find a large display of the elements of the earth and the fossils embedded therein. One room is devoted to meteorites, and the collection of minerals, ores, coal and marbles is very extensive. The important exhibit made at the Fair by the Standard Oil Co. was given to the Museum entire. An artist would find much to interest him in this section, for in the oils and ores, the minerals and marbles, there are brilliant color harmonies. He would enjoy, also, the department of botany, which is skilfully arranged in the galleries. A large part of the forestry exhibit is displayed there, and woods from all parts of the world can be compared in texture and color. Many of them are beautiful, and together they are most effective. The collection of Illinois trees, indigenous and cultivated, is complete; and there are many specimens from Russia, British India, Ceylon, Corea, Siam, New South Wales and a number of South American countries. The woods are accompanied by the cereals and grains of these nations, and often by various vegetable products. The exhibit from Japan is especially artistic. The bamboo is, of course, shown in many forms, natural and with the fungus cultivated upon it to produce decorative effects. One of the finest exhibits was never shown at the Fair. It consists of branches of many Japanese plants, together with the insects and caterpillars which devour them, and sometimes even the enemies of these destroyers. The reproductions are wonderfully accurate, showing exactly the color, the shape, the habits and attitudes of these formidable little beasts. This is one of the most interesting corners in the entire Museum. The botanical department contains, also, a very large herbarium, which is kept in cases, only a few specimens of new plants being shown at a time. At present several plants recently discovered by Dr. Millspaugh are displayed in this way under glass.

Down-stairs, the department of zoology offers another field for the artist, the eggs and stuffed birds showing the most exquisite variations of color. The anthropological department follows this, and many of the collections which were in the building of that name at the Fair, have been secured for the Museum. These are exceedingly valuable, and, especially in the section of ethnology, of great interest to the layman as well as the specialist. The work of some of the primitive races is admirably shown; the Indian exhibit is very large and fine. Mr. E. E. Ayer presented to the Museum his extensive collection of Indian relics, and this is supplemented by other remains and products, gathered from Alaska to Peru. The collection from the South Sea Islands occupies one room, and the American mound-builders are well represented. There is, also, a Javanese room, which reminds one pleasantly of the delightful village on the Midway. The costumes of the actors and their masks and musical instruments are shown, together with many of their characteristic dolls. Two rooms near this are filled with costumes, lanterns and decorations from the Chinese theatre, but these are not yet in order. One room is devoted to religions, and contains idols and ceremonial vessels from many lands. The section of industrial arts will also be interesting, while the ceramic room displays much beautiful porcelain and glass. The Tiffany collection of jewels and precious stones, unset, which was purchased by the Museum, will be placed in this room. The department of transportation is one of the most interesting and occupies the east annex. The passage from the main building is filled with models of Oriental boats of the present time, many of them curious and picturesque. And beyond, in the rooms once sacred to the loan collection, are several strange palanquins, including that used by Mrs. French-Sheldon, many riding and pack-saddles from Mexico and different Oriental countries, and sleds from Alaska, Greenland and Madeira, where, though there is no snow, sledges only are used. A number of primitive carts are also exhibited, among

them the Virginia rolling hogshead and a Red River cart of the kind that furnished the only transportation north of St. Paul until 1871. These interesting rooms lead one pleasantly to the Museum of the World's Railway, which consists of the exhibits made at the Fair by the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania railroads. The former corporation shows, as it cannot be shown anywhere else, the evolution of the locomotive, through full-size models of the early steam-engines and—in many cases—the originals themselves. The collection is invaluable.

In this hasty summary of the contents of the Columbian Museum I have endeavored merely to give some idea of the scope of the work accomplished and the importance of the exhibits secured. Later, after the Museum has been opened to the public, I hope to describe some of the departments with more detail.

CHICAGO, May 8, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

A Protest

AND WOULDST THOU set thy tender hand, my love,
To make the iron law
Whereby to rule the mobile land, my love,—
Commoved by every flaw?
And when the hosts together rush, my love,
And law lies trampled down,
Wouldst thou that sword of thine should blush, my love,
And win thee dark renown?
Nay, make not law, but be thou Law, my love,
And rule the land through me;
And if, at need, the sword I draw, my love—
Come, wingèd Victory!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

The Fine Arts

The Kinetoscope

THE KINETOSCOPE, Edison's latest toy, is a development of that marvel of our youth, the thaumatrope. But it may be applied to uses which the earlier toy could not subserve. A number of instantaneous photographs illustrating all the important phases of a single action or series of actions are set on a wheel which is made to revolve very rapidly by a small electric motor, which also supplies the light by which they are seen, the whole being enclosed in a dark box. By this means the action which is analyzed in the series of photographs is reconstituted, and stage performers dance or go through their contortions, Sandow's muscles swell and relax, fighting-cocks fight, and the organgrinder's monkey snatches off the small-boy's cap. The element of color, only, is needed to complete the illusion, and it is possible that that may be supplied. As it stands, the machine should be of great service to artists and others in studying action. Separate instantaneous photographs, as is now well known, are of no value to artists, but the kinetoscope presents the action as it is seen by the eye, and presents it, in all respects the same, as often as may be desired. If the figures were thrown upon a screen there would be many advantages in working from them rather than from a tired model. It is possible that we may yet see this done, and, with the assistance of the perfected phonograph, that we may witness and hear shadow-plays in which the only real performer will be the electro-magnetic motor behind the scenes. The new invention is exhibited in Broadway above 26th Street.

Art Notes

THE PICTURES, books, furniture and relics of the late Ford Madox-Brown will be sold ere long in London. The collection contains many items of unique interest on account of their connection with the greatest names in English art during the last fifty years.

—The Yale alumni intend to purchase for their University the Trumbull collection of drawings exhibited by Dodd, Mead & Co., to be placed in the Yale School of Fine Arts.

—The twenty-sixth annual spring exhibition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art was opened on May 8. The receipts of the Museum in 1893 were \$240,396.62, the expenses \$231,197.92, leaving a balance of \$9,198.90. The administrative expenses for the year show a deficit of \$5449.

—On May 5, the Society of American Artists elected the following officers for the year beginning June 15, 1894:—President, W. M. Chase; Vice-President, John La Farge; Secretary, Kenyon Cox; Treasurer, Samuel Isham; Board of Control, Herbert Adams, Albert Herter, Edward C. Potter and August Franzen were elected as members of the Society. Mr. Cox succeeds Joe Evans.

—Prof. Charles Sprague Smith, who lectured during the past season in this city on "The Artists of Barbizon," sailed recently for Europe to gather material for an additional course of lectures on the same subject, to embrace those artists not included in the first. His work during the summer will include, also, the preparation of studies on Italian travel, and on Ariosto and Tasso.

—David Johnson, N.A., the "American Rousseau," has resolved to lay down his palette and close his studio in the Young Men's Christian Association Building, after fifty years of activity in the field of art.

—J. Scott Hartley, Herbert Adams and Mr. Rukstul have been selected by Gen. Casey, Chief of U. S. Engineers, to execute the nine colossal busts which will be cut in granite and placed in the round architectural spaces on the main façade of the Congressional Library at Washington. Mr. Hartley's subjects are Washington Irving, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Nathaniel Hawthorne; to Mr. Adams have been assigned the busts of Demosthenes, Dante and Sir Walter Scott; and Goethe, Macaulay and Benjamin Franklin are to be modelled by Mr. Rukstul. The three sculptors have resolved that the nine busts, all supported by uniform pedestals, shall be modelled in the nude.

—A well executed portrait in bas-relief of the Rev. Robert Collyer may be seen at the gallery of Sanchez & Co., 126 West 23d Street. It is in plaster, of the size of life, and has been modelled by S. Gifford Slocum.

The Drama

Oscar Wilde's "Salome"

THE DOWNWARD COURSE of a certain current in English literature and art has probably not reached an end in Oscar Wilde's "Salome." Some one will, doubtless, arise who shall be as incoherent as Blake, as hysterical as Rossetti, as incapable of decent reserve as Swinburne, and as great a humbug as Wilde. But it is doubtful whether the latter's cleverness in patching up sham monsters can go much farther. A large part of his material he gets from the Bible, a little has once belonged to Flaubert. He borrows from Maeterlinck his trick of repeating stupid phrases until a glimpse of meaning seems almost a flash of genius. But it must be admitted that he adds something of his own, and that what he has taken bears but the same relation to what he has made of it as does the farmer's pumpkin to the small boy's boggy lantern. A single example will perhaps suffice to show the nature of his improvements. There is a vulgar simile that likens a pair of black eyes to "burnt holes in a blanket." This Mr. Wilde expands into:—"It is his eyes above all that are terrible. They are like black holes burnt by torches in a tapestry of Tyre." The play was originally written in French, and Mr. Wilde has been so happy as to secure a noble lord as his translator into English.

His illustrator, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, searches in as many fields for the elements of his fantastic drawings. He takes from modern fashion plates, ancient designs for jewelry, the inevitable Japanese print and the caricatures of Caran d'Ache. He has the boldness to steal Whistler's butterfly and Willette's Pierrot. He answers the conundrum about the morality of Burne-Jones's type of beauty by employing it to convey decidedly immoral suggestions. Several of his pictures appear to have nothing to do with the text, but he satirizes Oscar as a showman whose "grand attraction" is his grotesque Herodias. He has the decorative instinct which tells him where to put a line or a spot of black, and he misuses it as wilfully as some Frenchmen do their more valuable artistic gifts. Five hundred copies of the book have been printed "for England"; how many for America does not appear. (Cope-land & Day.)

Prof. Cook's "First Book in Old English"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Will you permit me to reply in a few words to certain strictures made by your courteous reviewer on my "First Book in Old English" (*Critic*, April 14)? It is not *a*, but *æ*, which is said to be pronounced like *a* in "care"; as to the pronunciation of "care," I find the Century, the International and the New English dictionary all agree, though the notation differs. For *æ* like English *æ* in "bridge," I would refer to Kluge, in Paul's "Grundriss der germanischen Philologie," I. 844: "An Stelle von *æ* scheint die jüngere *ai*-Ausprache bald nach 900 eingetreten zu sein." Now *ai* represents the sound of *æ* in "bridge." If the reviewer is acquainted with any later and better authority than the one cited, I shall be glad to make a correction accordingly.

For "lord" as *law-urd* I repose upon Abbott's statement "Shak. Grammar," § 477: "R, and liquids in dissyllables, are fre-

quently pronounced as though an extra vowel were introduced between them and the preceding consonant." My notation was devised with reference to its intelligibility. That I have not wholly failed to take account of the "progressive" will, I think, be apparent from p. 142, note 7. No definition is given of reduplicating verbs, just as no explanation is given of ablaut; the reviewer commends the latter, and censures the former, yet both phenomena alike belong to the pre-Old English period. It may be objected that it would yet have been possible to define "reduplicating"; but how could I define without illustrating, and how could I make the illustration clear with reference to Old English, when the evolution of the vowels of the reduplicating verbs is involved in such obscurity? It must never be forgotten that my book is intended for beginners.

For *æge* and *ære* I have the authority of Sievers, "O. E. Grammar," § 280:—"The only word which is certainly declined like *æge* is *ære*." If the subjunctive is misleadingly called the optative, it has been so called since 1882, when Sievers's "Angelsächsische Grammatik" appeared. With reference to the expression, "the most important syllables of the most important words receive [should receive] primary stress," why is the plural, "syllables," any more objectionable than the "them" in the sentence quoted above from Abbott, or than "verbs" in the following rule from Goodwin's "Greek Grammar," § 136:—"With verbs signifying *to be*, *to become*, *to appear*, *to be named*, *chosen*, *considered*, and the like, a noun or adjective in the predicate is in the same case as the subject." Are not "syllables," "them," and "verbs," all used in a kind of distributive sense? And is every grammarian likely to be satisfied with "the most important syllable of the most important words receives primary stress"?

"Vesparian" for "Vespasian" is of course a misprint, like several others which I might point out, some of which have been corrected in a second impression.

The nouns in the Vocabulary are *not* given without gender and classification, as the reviewer can convince himself if he will look up the paragraph cited immediately after each noun of the Vocabulary. He has been misled by the fact that verbs of the ablaut and reduplicating classes have an *additional* indication in the Vocabulary, but he will find that the weak verbs stand, in this respect, on the same basis as the nouns.

To pass for a moment to the review immediately following, Mr. Gates's book can hardly be called "the initial number of the Athenæum Press Series," as the reviewer can learn from the advertisement of Ginn & Co. on the cover of *The Critic* of the same date.

YALE UNIVERSITY, April 17, 1894.

ALBERT S. COOK.

[We regret that our "courteous" criticism should have found Prof. Cook so sensitive; meanwhile, we cannot recede from any of the positions taken. It is not the province of a literary journal to enter into the minutiae of technical criticism, or we might easily have extended our list of objections to this or that point in Prof. Cook's rather dogmatic statements. We indicated enough, however, to show room for possible improvements in a new edition, or, at least, a more careful wording of important statements and definitions.

(1) If the author will indicate in romic symbols what he considers the pronunciation of long "*a*—*a* in *care*," then we shall possibly understand his notation. (2) For a different view of the pronunciation of *æ*, see Skeat, "Principles of Eng. Etymology," p. 353, and Sweet's final statement (if we understand it), Reader, pp. xiv. and xv. Surely, these authorities are both eminent and recent, and both have the further "authority" of being accomplished Englishmen practically acquainted with their own tongue, and not learned Germans theorizing at a distance about a foreign one. Prof. Cook's own paragraphs on *æ* and *g* (§ 7 and § 11), the very sounds under discussion, strike us as contradictory. How could the Northumbrian forms *brig*, *rig*, *seg*, ever have arisen if the pronunciation of these words in Anglo-Saxon (*brycg*, *hrycg*, *segg*) had been already *bridge*, *ridge*, *sedge*? It was rather something between. Skeat, we think, gives the true explanation. (3) Our suggestion that "lord" was rather *lo-r-d* than *lawurd*, in the Shakespearean passage cited, was simply a suggestion as to our view of the sound of the *lor-* of the word "lord": anyone may dogmatize about the pronunciation of 300 years ago, and we are quite familiar with Abbott's dogmatisms. (4) Why should grammatical phenomena so important as the progressive tenses in Anglo-Saxon be stuck away in an obscure, incidental foot-note on p. 142, and not be put in their proper place in the Syntax, where they belong? This is why we overlooked the author's scant reference. (5) A whole paragraph of three or four lines is devoted to "ablaut," while on p. 56 the oracular statement is made that "strong verbs are accordingly divided into ablaut verbs and reduplicating verbs," not one word being vouchsafed to explain the sesquipedalian monster; and yet

Prof. Cook says "it must never be forgotten that my book is intended for beginners (1)." (6) Prof. F. A. March, President of the Modern Language Association and a recognized authority in Anglo-Saxon grammar, adds two examples of weak neuters to those given by Prof. Cook (March, "Larger A. S. Grammar," Weak Declension); and in one of these, at least, he is supported by the authoritative Anglo-Saxon Dict. of Toller-Bosworth. (7) Why should the author adopt a "misleading" designation ("optative") for the well-known and well-understood "subjunctive," just because a German has used it in a book translated by Prof. Cook? Is Sievers a god or a "fetish," that everybody should fall down and worship him? "Optative" is a term well-known to students of Greek grammar as something quite distinct from "subjunctive," and should not be confused with it in a book "intended for beginners." (8) It looks captious ("with reference to the expression, 'the most important syllables of the most important words receive primary stress'") for the author to attempt to justify his inaccuracy by a reference to Abbott or to Goodwin, since precisely the point under discussion is *alliteration* in relation to stress. How can the "most important syllables" receive "primary stress," if only *one* syllable receives the alliteration? (9) The reviewer's statement that nouns are given in the Vocabulary without gender or classification is strictly true. On the very first page of the Vocabulary we find the two nouns *adæsa* ("adze") and *adl* ("disease") without anything to indicate their gender or classification, except a figure enclosed in parenthesis. On laboriously turning back to a distant part of the book, and after considerable reading (but not till then), we disentangle the fact that *adæsa* is *ṽ. m.* and *adl* is *st. f.* Surely, this method of "classification," etc., could be improved, and it was with a view to this, partly, that our criticism was made.—THE REVIEWER.]

Secondary Education in New York State

ALBANY, N. Y., April 6, 1894.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

At a joint meeting of the Executive Board of the Associated Academic Principals of the State of New York and of the Principals' council, held March 24, 1894, a majority of each board being present, it was unanimously voted to invite the editors of the secular and religious press to co-operate, not in "making out a case" for the high schools and academies, but in placing clearly before the people facts relating to secondary education, thus enabling all to reach fair and just conclusions upon this important controversy, thrust upon us by the persistent attacks upon our high schools and academies by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. In his last Annual Report to the Legislature, which he has extensively distributed throughout the State, is a specially virulent renewal of the attack upon higher education made in the report of 1892, and again in the pamphlet entitled "The Schools of New York," of which 10,000 copies were printed at State expense for circulation at the World's Fair. * * *

Whatever may be the motives which prompt this action, or whatever the prospect of success, it is important that every friend of higher education should be ready to answer these statements as often as they are made. This official attack seems to prove the rumor that for more than a year there has been a widespread covert scheme to undermine our secondary schools as developed through a century, and which now stand unsurpassed.

The money distributed through the Regents to academies and high schools is constantly referred to in the State Superintendent's report as "diverted" from its proper channel. As a fact, every dollar of it is expended as prescribed by laws of the State, and any other disposal of it would be not only "diversion" from its legitimate use but "perversion" of law and justice. The State Superintendent seeks to convey the idea that the expenditure for secondary schools is the cause of the financial and intellectual poverty of small schools in sparsely settled rural districts. His immediate remedy for these difficulties and his proposed salvation for the agricultural interests is to use all the money now given by law to academies and high schools to increase the wages of common school teachers. Their salaries last year were \$11,883,094.94. The total amount distributed by the Regents was \$106,000. This added to the salaries as proposed would have raised the income of the average country teachers a little less than one cent a day.

The aggregate advantage to the common schools would in no way compare with that received under the present system through the academies and high schools, where most country school teachers are now prepared for their work. Therefore, to impair the efficiency of the secondary schools would be to inflict a direct and severe blow on the rural elementary schools.

None can deplore the misfortunes of the small district schools more sincerely than do the academic principals, but they confident-

ly believe that no other force is doing so much to raise the standards of these schools as the Regents' examinations in the academies and high schools. Thousands of pupils from rural districts take these examinations without charge in order to obtain Regents' credentials. This means that the teachers in those districts are doing their best to have their pupils well prepared in the elementary branches in which they are to be examined. It means that their brightest pupils are doing their very best in their ambition to secure credentials bearing the "broad seal of the Empire State." The normal schools and institutes are not so far-reaching in their influence as these examinations, for it is well known that normal school graduates very seldom teach small district schools, and the institute, while an invaluable aid to teachers of limited education and experience, does not appeal so directly to their ambition as does the Regents' examination, and does not directly appeal to the pupil at all. Our secondary school teachers have no fear that the existence of these institutions is in the least imperiled by open or furtive attacks from the source whence they have a right to expect the firmest support, but they believe that erroneous statements on so important a matter should not pass unchallenged. * * *

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Notes

HALL CAINE is engaged upon a Life of Christ, which he has about finished. He anticipates a large sale for it, and so do his publishers. Mr. Caine will probably approach the subject from a new point of view, and make a book that will prove popular reading.

—A "Société de l'Orthographe Démocratique" has been founded in Paris, with the aim of spreading "l'usage d'une orthographe simple et rationnelle."

—Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Barrow died in this city on May 7. She was born in 1822, at Charleston, S. C., and began to write in 1855, under the pen-name of "Aunt Fanny." Her stories for children enjoyed an immense popularity on both sides of the Atlantic, and were afterwards gathered in the following series:—"Little Pet Books," 3 vols.; "Good Little Hearts; or, Stories about Children who Tried to be Good and to do Good," 4 vols.; "The Nightcap Series," 6 vols.; "The Pop-Gun Stories," 6 vols.; and "The Six Mitten Books," 6 vols. She also wrote a novel, "The Wife's Stratagem," and "The Letter G." She was actively interested in education, and was for some time one of the officers of the Juvenile Asylum.

—A new building will be erected at Alexandria for the Ghizeh collection, the present museum being unsafe and not fire-proof.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons announce "Joint-Metallism," a plan by which gold and silver together, at ratios always based on their relative market values, may be made the metallic basis of a sound and permanent currency, by Anson Phelps Stokes; and "The Ills of the South," a consideration of the causes hostile to the general prosperity of the Southern people, by the Rev. Charles H. Otken of Mississippi.

—Longmans, Green & Co. announce that they have become the publishers of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's books, formerly published by Lee & Shepard of Boston.

—According to a Paris correspondent of *The Evening Post*, another hitherto unpublished work of Stendhal is coming out soon. It forms part of the six volumes of MSS. preserved mainly in the library of Grenoble.—"Lucien Leuwen," the name of the new romance, was never finished by the author, though begun before any of his great works. In 1834, however, he gave careful instructions about publishing it in due time. It scarcely disguises even the names of the personages whom he had in mind. * * * It has been found necessary to suppress certain things which might come home to the children of those whom Stendhal desired to castigate for the part taken in the politics of the First Empire and the Restoration. * * * In over five hundred pages it pursues the answer to the initial question put before its hero by his father, 'Will you be knave enough to be employed in politics?'

—D. C. Heath & Co. are bringing out a "History of the United States," by Prof. Allen C. Thomas of Haverford College, Pa. The book is furnished with maps and illustrations which are from authentic sources and are frequently reproductions of contemporary prints.

—Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's school, established over thirty years ago in this city, will henceforth be controlled by the Church Extension Association, organized in London, and will be conducted by an order called "The Sisters of the Poor."

—There has always existed a tradition among Russian scholars that the library of Ivan the Terrible contained a large number of Greek and Latin manuscripts, taken from the collection of the Byzantine Emperors. Ivan's library was hidden during the invasion of the Tartars, in 1570, in the vaults of the Kremlin, it is believed. Search has been made again and again for this library, and it is now stated that another and more systematic attempt for its recovery is to be made under the direction of the Russian *savants*, M. Zabeline.

—The F. H. Fleming Pub. Co. announces "A True Teacher, Mary Mortimer," a biography, with portrait, by Mrs. Minerva Brace Norton.

—The entrance examinations for the freshman class of the University of the City of New York will be held in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, in Twenty-third Street, on May 31, and June 1, 4 and 5. The work on the new buildings at University Heights is progressing rapidly, ground having been broken for the Hall of Languages and the Laboratory of Chemistry. Subscriptions amounting to \$50,000 have been received for the former building, about \$15,000 more being required for its completion; the money needed for the Laboratory (\$40,000) has already been donated. The buildings for the library, museum and chapel will not be begun this year. The University will retain for its own use the three upper stories of the new ten-story building to be erected in Washington Square, the seven lower stories having already been leased by the American Book Co. The University's library and furniture will be stored in Charles Butler Hall and a barn belonging to the new grounds.

—J. Selwin Tait & Sons have just published "The Green Bay Tree," a tale of to-day, by W. H. Wilkins. They announce for publication at an early date "Cavalry Life in Tent and Field," by Mrs. Orsemus B. Boyd, a record of frontier life as seen by a cavalry officer's wife; and "Two of a Trade," by Mrs. McCullough Williams.

—The first part of the library of Michael Hennessy of the *Times* was sold by Bangs & Co. this week. The library, which is said to be the largest ever put into an auction-room in this country, consists of about 20,000 volumes, and is especially rich in works on Irish history. The remainder of the collection will be sold in two parts. Among the prices recently paid at Bangs sales may be mentioned \$7 for an interesting collection of original London Gazettes Extraordinary, with supplements, from 1797 to 1816, also Prayers of Thanksgiving for various victories, and a quantity of contemporary MS. memoranda relating to naval battles, including the Battle of Trafalgar, etc., the Capture of Washington, Bombardment of Fort McHenry, Occupation of Paris, and Abdication of Napoleon in 1814; the battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras and Waterloo; Second Abdication of Napoleon, his Surrender to the English, etc.; \$6.50 for a copy of the first edition of Sam Slick's "Wise Saws and Modern Instances"; \$5.10 for Forster's "Life of Dickens," bound by Riviere; and \$7.50 for J. Payne Collier's "History of Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakespeare."

—The Cassell Pub. Co. has begun proceedings against a Chicago firm, which is printing a cheap edition of Sarah Grand's "Heavenly Twins," on which the New York house holds the American copyright.

—D. Appleton & Co. have just published "The Rich Miss Riddell," by Dorothea Gerard; "Aerial Navigation," from the Dutch of J. E. W. Fynje van Salverda, by George E. Waring, Jr.; "A System of Lucid Shorthand," devised by William George Spencer, with a prefatory note by Herbert Spencer; and the sixth volume of Prof. Huxley's Collected Essays, on "Hume, with Helps to the Study of Berkeley."

—The Yale Alumni Association of this city proposes to form itself into a club with a club-house, after the manner of the Harvard Club.

—The Century Co. will publish, in the latter part of May, a new Life of Roger Williams, "the pioneer of religious liberty," by Oscar S. Straus, the author of "The Origin of Republican Form of Government in the United States." At the same time they will issue Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book," a collection of the stories of animal life which have been appearing in *St. Nicholas* and elsewhere during the past year.

—"The Wings of Icarus," Miss Laurence Alma Tadema's novel, is in the press of the Macmillans, who announce, also, that the publication of Prof. Skeat's final edition of Chaucer will be completed before the end of the year, and that a cheap edition of Kidd's "Social Evolution," soon to be issued, will contain a number of minor changes, made with reference to recent criticisms.

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

ANSWERS

1740.—Mr. Dickson may be interested to know that Dr. Parsons's well-known verses on Thackeray, "Now that his noble form is clay," etc., not only do not figure in *The Magnolia*, which was printed in 1866 (not in 1867, as Mr. Allibone has it), at the press of John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, but that they are not to be found in "The Rosary" (1865), "The Shadow of the Obelisk" (1873), "The Willey House," (1875), all private or semi-private collections issued under Dr. Parsons's name; nor yet in the three editions of his poetry dated 1854, 1892 and 1893. The last, a posthumous book, and the only one which aims at a representative selection of its author's work, bears the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The poem on Thackeray's death seems never to have been publicly utilized by Dr. Parsons after its appearance in the *Advertiser*.

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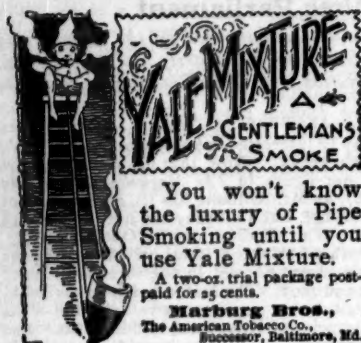
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